00106656
GOD
940.27
Hay/Nar
106656

00106656

Digitized with financial assistance from
Shri Brihad Bhartiya Samaj
on 31 October, 2019

A NARRATIVE

OF

THE PENINSULAR WAR.

BY

MAJOR LEITH HAY, F.R.S.E.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

106656

VOL. II

EDINBURGH:

DANIEL LIZARS, 5, ST DAVID STREET;

AND WHITTAKER, TREACHER, AND ARNOT,

LONDON.

1831.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. PAUL'S WORK, CANONGATE

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

CHAPTER I.

Lord Wellington assembles his Army, June 1812—Strength of the French Armies—Advance of Lord Wellington—Ciudad Rodrigo—its ruinous state—Cavalry Skirmish—Major Brotherton—Lord Wellington enters Salamanca—His enthusiastic reception—French Forts—Sixth Division—carry on the Siege—Convent Wall beat down—Re-appearance of Marshal Marmont—He reconnoitres the Allies—Colonel Ponsonby and 12th Dragoons—Reconnoissance interrupted—Forts attacked by Escalade—Fort San Vicente in Flames—carried by Assault—Te Deum at Salamanca—Advance of the Allies—Arrival on the Duero—Inactivity of the Armies—Nava del Rey—Toro—General Picton—General Bonnet crosses the Duero—Duke of Ragusa advances—Affair at Castrajon—Retreat of the Allies—Fifth Division cannonaded—Affair in the Valley of Canizal—General Carrier taken—Movements of the Armies—March in parallel lines—Continued during the Day—The

Armies separate—False alarm—Salamanca—French Army crosses the Tormes—Thunder-storm—Battle of Salamanca—Duke of Ragusa wounded—General Le Merchant killed—Anxiety of the Spaniards—Rejoicings for the Victory—Flight of the French Army—Hospitals at Valladolid—Allies march to Madrid—Surrender of the Retiro—Triumphant entry of Lord Wellington—Consequences of the Battle of Salamanca, . . . Page 1

Route to Madrid—Entrance to Guadarama—Madrid—Lord Wellington marches to besiege the Castle of Burgos—Situation of the French Armies—Burgos—Death of Major Cocks—Colonel Jones wounded—Siege of Burgos raised—Duke of Dalmatia—Allied Army near Madrid—Retreat from Burgos—Fifth Division—General Alava—Allies retire from Madrid—The Escorial—Allies cross the Guadarama—Pursued by Marshal Soult—Alva de Tormes—Salamanca—Attack on Alva—General Howard's Brigade—Reconnoissance of the Tormes—French Armies cross the River—Allies in position on the Field of Salamanca—Retreat—Sir Edward Paget taken—Ciudad Rodrigo—Observations—Sierra de Gata—General Ballesteros—Cantonments of the Enemy—Lord Wellington at Cadiz—Fete by the Grandees—Complimentary Sonnet—General Morillo—Guadaloupe—Movements of the Enemy—Ciudad Real—La Mancha—Piedrabuena visited by a French Detachment—Almegro—Enemy abandon La Mancha, ... Page 67

Departure of the French Court for Madrid—Army of the South—Toledo—General Maransin returns to Toledo—Guerillas—Flag of Truce—Polan—Arrival of French Troops in the Night—Scene that ensued—French Officers—Departure for Toledo—General Maransin—His Conversation—Departure for Olias—General Soult—Offer of Parole rejected—March to Illexas—Colonel St Laurent—Prince Eugene—General Lexal—Dungeon in the Retiro—Carcel de la Corte—Departure from Madrid—March of the Convoy—Tempestuous Night—Segoria—General Hugo—Prison at Cuellar—Valladolid—Mysterious occurrence—French Infantry—Burgos—Allied Army—Breviesca—Comte Gazan—Baron D'Orsay—General La Martiniere—Prince of Moskwa—General Bonnet's Division—Colonel Arnaud—Rapid advance of the Allies—Passage of the Ebro—Rapid movement of the Enemy—French Army described—Its Discipline—Knowledge of Campaigning—Arrival at Vittoria—Crowded state of the Town—Vittoria—French Armies in position—Splendid Park of Artillery—French Officers—Portuguese Cavalry—British Head-Quarters—Comte Gazan—Battle of Vittoria, Page 128

CHAPTER II.

Flight of French Army after Battle of Vittoria—Equipages captured—Pursuit—General Clausell effects his Escape—Pampeluna blockaded by the Allies—State of Society at Madrid—The Emperor Napoleon concludes an Armistice

—Informed of the Battle of Vittoria—Renewed efforts in Spain—Siege of San Sebastian—Position of the Allies—Attacked by Marshal Soult—Battles of the Pyrenees—French Army repulsed—General Barnes—Siege of San Sebastian—State of Popular Feeling at Madrid—Storming of San Sebastian—Castle of San Sebastian—Results of the Storm of San Sebastian—State of San Sebastian—Mirador cannonaded—Surrender of Mirador—Casualties of Siege—State of San Sebastian—Urumea—General Pakenham—Roncesvalles—Invasion of France—The Fifth Division—British Army in France—Positions of the Armies—Soult's intrenched Camp—Pampeluna surrendered—Termination of the Peninsular War—The Duke of Wellington, ... Page 209

NARRATIVE.

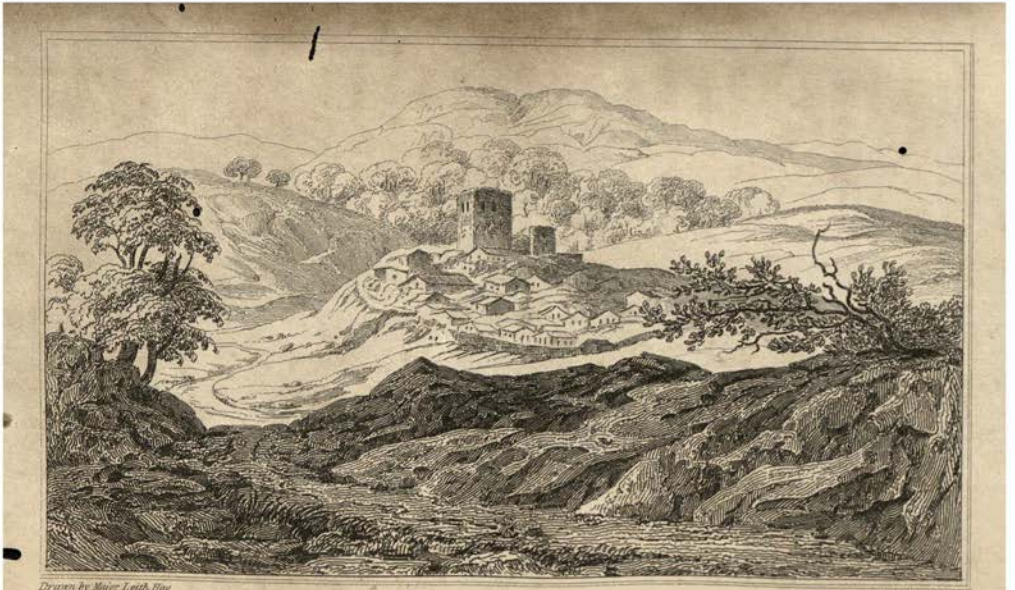
CHAPTER I.

EARLY in June 1812, Lord Wellington, having assembled his army, with the exception of the corps in Spanish Estremadura, commanded by Sir Rowland Hill, prepared to re-assume offensive operations. Marshal Marmont had foreseen this movement, and adopted an exaggerated idea of the force with which his opponent was about to penetrate into the interior. Alarmed by the circumstance, the French general urged the necessity of being immediately reinforced. He stated that the "Army of Portugal," although still formidable, was not sufficiently numerous to ensure a successful resistance to the approaching attack, or to manœuvre with certainty of favourable results against the allied army.

Notwithstanding the immense armament at this period directed against the Russian Empire by the Emperor Napoleon, his troops, extended over the territory of the peninsula, were numerous and efficient.

The army immediately opposed to Lord Wellington, retaining the designation of the "Army of Portugal," commanded by Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, consisted of eight divisions of infantry, a large body of cavalry, and one hundred pieces of cannon. This force occupied the country between the Tormes and the Duero, having one division, under General Bonnet, detached in the Asturias. The "Army of the North," under General Caffarelli, sixteen thousand strong, occupied Biscay, Las Montañas de Santander, and Alava. The "Army of the Centre," at Madrid, Guadalaxara, and Segovia, under the immediate orders of Joseph Bonaparte, was composed of French and Spanish infantry, the latter termed *Juramentados*, in consequence of their having taken the oath of allegiance to the usurper, and from amongst whom were selected the newly incorporated royal guard. These, with the dragoons under General Trelliard, and some detachments of light cavalry, amounted to thirteen thousand men. The "Army of Arragon," ten thousand strong, had its head-quarters in the illustrious city of Zaragosa.

The Marshal Duke of Dalmatia held in subjection the kingdoms of Andalusia. His army, that "of the South," formed the blockading force before Cadiz, and had Comte d'Erlon's corps at Llerena, op-



Drawn by Major Leith Hay

Engd by W.H. Lizars

SABUGAL.

Edinburgh Published by D. Lizars & Whittaker & Co. London Nov.r 1830.

posed to Sir Rowland Hill, the whole amounting to fifty-five thousand combatants. The corps of the Marshal Duke of Belluno formed part of this army.

The "Army of Cataluña," commanded by Suchet, Duke of Albufera, the most successful of the French marshals that served during the Peninsular war, garrisoned Barcelona, Tarragona, Figueras, Valencia, and Gerona, and possessed a disposable force of twenty-eight thousand men. Such was the actual state and position of the enemy's armies when Lord Wellington passed the Agueda on the 13th of June, with thirty-five thousand infantry, two thousand five hundred cavalry, and fifty pieces of cannon.

The 5th division marched from its cantonments in Portugal on the 5th of June, halting at Trancosa until the 8th, on which day it arrived at Freixedas and Alverca. From Alverca the division advanced to Castel Mendo, situated on an eminence overhanging the Coa, a river accompanied by one general character of scenery along the whole extent of its course; bold rocky banks invariably confine this rapid, wild, and picturesque stream.

From Castel Mendo we marched, on the 10th, to Poza Velha, and encamped in a beautiful valley, shaded by lofty trees. On the 11th, having passed through Espeja and Carpio, we arrived on the left

bank of the Agueda, and were joined by the 4th division, forming, with two brigades of cavalry, the centre column of the army, the right being composed of the 1st, 6th, and 7th divisions; the left by the 3d division, the Portuguese brigades of Generals Pack and Bradford, and one brigade of cavalry.

Upon no occasion had the allied army taken the field in a more efficient state; every description of force composing it was serviceable and well appointed. The cavalry had recovered their condition. Experience taught the practical minutiæ of active warfare. The weather was beautiful. Confidence in their leader and themselves occupied the minds of the troops; while presages of success and anticipated variety of scene imparted gaiety and buoyancy of spirit. The light division, with the German hussars, horse artillery, and detachments of British light cavalry, were on the right bank of the Agueda, near to the convent of La Caridad.

The army halted on the 12th. During that day General Leith was quartered in Cuidad Rodrigo, where we examined the renewed defences, and the different parts of the town appearing to have most severely suffered from the effects of war. Nothing could be more ruinous, dilapidated, or wretched. The destruction occasioned by two sieges in the

course of eighteen months, with the results of a successful storm, had left the unfortunate town in a deserted and miserable state. Still the remaining inhabitants appeared friendly, attributing solely to the enemy losses and violence to which the allied army had, as a natural consequence of events, so much contributed.

Cuidad Rodrigo is a fortification of limited enceinte. The town within the walls is consequently confined and inconsiderable, but the suburbs are extensive, containing many inhabitants, which, added to those in the main body of the place, comprise a large population. Its environs presented a gloomy picture of the effects of war on every thing near to an armed place subjected to such devastating visitations. The public walk, deprived of the foliage that had given it beauty and shade, looked bare, sterile, and deserted; the trees had fallen for the purpose of giving scope to the uninterrupted sweep of artillery; roofless houses and battered walls presented themselves in all directions. The earth, thrown up to shelter the troops, still exhibited the rugged and bare aspect attendant on its being replaced without much attention to natural beauty or convenience. The great square contained dismounted cannon, shattered wheels, and ruined tumbrils; while the

effects of bombardment had torn up and rendered unequal its formerly smooth and level area.

On the 13th, the centre column of the allied army encamped upon the Tenebron, near to Bocacara; the left at Spiritu Santa, and the right at the village of Tenebron. The day following, head-quarters were at Cabrillas, the 4th and 5th divisions at Sanmuñoz; the light division at Aldegula. We found the country between Cuidad Rodrigo and Sanmuñoz beautifully wooded, and admirably adapted for the encampment of troops, there being great abundance of water, while the trees afforded shelter from a scorching sun.

It was not until the morning of the 16th that the enemy appeared. Early on that day, I rode forward, and joined the patrols of the 1st hussars upon the Carneiro road. About two leagues from Salamanca we encountered the advance of the French cavalry, and proceeded to drive them back. The enemy stood firm, and exchanged shots with the hussars, only retiring when the main body of that regiment debouched from the wood. He then retreated by the several roads leading to the town. The 14th, with part of the 11th light dragoons, and some horse-artillery, now joined the hussars. On ascending the heights, which rise gradually from the right bank of the Val-

musa, several squadrons of the enemy's cavalry were perceived formed on the extensive plain reaching to the banks of the Tormes. Small detached parties occupied the several eminences immediately on the flanks of the main body, and it appeared their intention to dispute the ground until outnumbered or driven back.

The scene now became very animated and interesting. Parties were observed firing or charging in all directions. Repeated attacks were made by either force, as circumstances warranted, or as they became most numerous at the particular points. In one direction was to be seen a troop or squadron charging half their number of opponents, who, by a precipitate retreat, fell back on others, until their strength became superior, when, in turn, they for a time carried with them the successful tide of battle. The plain was covered with officers and scattered cavalry soldiers; carbines and pistols were discharged without intermission; frequent personal conflicts took place. On one occasion, Major Brotherton of the 14th light dragoons, mounted upon a very small Spanish horse, crossed swords with a French officer of chasseurs, and continued cutting and parrying until the mêlée broke up the encounter. Colonel Sturgeon put to flight, and rode after a private dra-

goon, who, being overtaken, surrendered without resistance.

During the progress of this protracted skirmish, although occasionally successful, the enemy was losing ground, and was finally driven within two miles of Salamanca; orders were there received to desist from farther pursuit; I then returned to General Leith, who had encamped his division on the bank of the Valmusa.

At daybreak on the 17th, the army was again in motion. Immediately after the troops had marched, proceeding in front to obtain information as to the progress of events, I passed our advanced posts, and rode to the bridge of Salamanca, where were assembled some of the guerillas of Don Julian Sanchez, and a patrol of the 11th dragoons. The enemy, on perceiving us, opened a fire of artillery from the forts, which were, for the first time, perceived on the right bank of the Tormes. There being no object in continuing within range of these guns, we retired without loss, except in a horse of the 11th, killed by a cannon-shot.

Near to the bridge I met Major Brotherton, who had been in the town, where he ascertained the fact of the enemy having retired during the night, leaving garrisons in the forts; that the bridge was not

Drawn by Major Leith Hay. Engd by W.H. Lizars.

DISTANT SALAMANCA.

Edinburgh Published by D. Lizars & Whittaker & C.° London Nov.° 1830.

destroyed; and that the houses in the immediate neighbourhood of the fortified convents having been set on fire, were then burning, which accounted for the smoke that occasionally enveloped the place.

Returning with this information, I met Lord Wellington, who sent me to General Leith, with directions that he should halt until further orders. I then followed the commander of the forces, and overtook him before he reached the Tormes. The bridge being in possession of the enemy, the only means of getting access to the town was by proceeding up the river, and passing across at the nearest practicable spot. In the act of attempting what appeared to be a ford, a discharge of grape from Fort La Merced wounded the horse I rode. A ball entering his back close to the saddle, he immediately drooped, and appeared in the act of falling, but recovered himself, and was, notwithstanding the injury received, enabled to go on. The river became so deep, that, abandoning the attempt to pass, I returned to the left bank, and with the whole staff crossed a considerable distance higher up the stream.

Lord Wellington entered Salamanca about ten o'clock in the forenoon: the avenues to it were filled with people clamorous in their expressions of joy; nothing could be more animating than the scene.

The day was brilliant, presenting all the glowing luxuriance of a southern climate. Upwards of fifty staff officers accompanied the British general; they were immediately followed by the 14th dragoons and a brigade of artillery; the streets were crowded to excess; signals of enthusiasm and friendship waved from the balconies; the entrance to the Plaza was similar to a triumph; every window and balcony was filled with persons welcoming the distinguished officer to whom they looked up for liberation and permanent relief. Lord Wellington dismounted, and was immediately surrounded by the municipality, and the higher orders of the inhabitants, all eager to pay him respect and homage. At the same moment, the 6th division of British infantry entered the southwest angle of the square. It is impossible to describe the electric effect produced under these circumstances by the music; as the bands of the regiments burst in full tones on the ear of the people, a shout of enthusiastic feeling escaped from the crowd, all ranks seeming perfectly inebriated with exultation.

From this scene, so calculated to distract the attention of ordinary men, Lord Wellington retired to make immediate arrangements for reducing the forts. A plan of them having been produced and

placed in his hands by the Spaniards, he left the adulating crowd, escaping from the almost overwhelming demonstrations of friendship and respect with which he was greeted; and before the town had recovered from its confusion and its joy, or the "vivas" had ceased to resound, his system of attack was decided upon, and the necessary orders for its execution issued to the troops.

Salamanca being considered by the French commanders-in-chief as a favourable situation for establishing the depots of their "Army of Portugal," preparations were made in 1810 to strengthen some of the ruined convents, and render the otherwise in some respects open and defenceless town, a post, not only secure from the inroads of guerillas, but unassailable without formidable means of attack, or liable to be subjected by any force not having pretensions to the character of a regular army.

The numerous monasteries and colleges, which, previously to this war of succession, adorned Salamanca, had been visited by the violence of the French army to such a degree, that, when the allies arrived on the Tormes, thirteen of twenty-five convents were in ruins; and of an equal number of buildings belonging to the university, twenty-two had been destroyed.

From these extensive and massive buildings the enemy had selected three suited to his purpose, as much from their form and strength of masonry, as from the isolated situation they now occupied in the town; vicinity to the bridge, which must be completely commanded by their fire, and of which two of the number had an uninterrupted view from one extremity to the other, making them at the same time very eligible.

The most considerable of these works was that of San Vicente. Situated directly between the great convent of San Francisco and the river, it rose from the old wall of the town, which, at that particular point, was lofty, and built on the summit of a precipice, the base of which is washed by the Tormes. From San Vicente towards the bridge, the ground descends into a valley, on the opposite side of which it again becomes elevated; and at the distance of two hundred and fifty yards from the principal work, the ruined buildings of Gayetano and La Merced were converted into forts.

The 6th division, under General Clinton, was intrusted with the investment and reduction of these works, which, on being reconnoitred, were ascertained to be more formidable than had been supposed from previously received reports of their con-

struction and extent. The proportion of heavy artillery now with the army was not on a scale for the reduction of any regular fortification: limited as it was, however, Lord Wellington determined to proceed, and on the night of the 17th, ground was broken before San Vicente.

From the lofty spire of the cathedral, the forts, with the operations carrying on against them, were distinctly visible, presenting a scene of great interest and variety. The convents had been loopholed, and prepared for a protected fire of musketry, which was kept up with unremitting activity; to counteract and suppress the effect of this galling tiraillade, one of the rifle battalions of the German Legion was stationed in the neighbouring buildings, and by a constant return of well-directed fire, kept that of the enemy very much under.

At daybreak of the 19th, a battery, armed with seven pieces of ordnance, opened at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards from the work, and at nine in the morning the end wall of one part of the convent was battered down, the interior of the building becoming displayed. A spirited and incessant fire was returned by the garrison, occasioning many casualties in the ranks of the assailants. Although the convent wall had been reduced to ruins, its fall

by no means facilitated the assault of the place: it became therefore necessary to vary the point of attack, and another battery was formed near to the college of Cuença; its fire being directed to reduce the masonry of an angle of the building nearer to the Tormes than that already beat down.

The fire being directed against the lower part of the wall, its effect for some time was almost imperceptible: the convent appeared to stand unshaken from the cannonade; its loopholed wall poured forth an incessant tiraillade from every crevice; when, in a moment, on one discharge of the battery, the wall and roof of the building, with its numerous inhabitants, were precipitated to the earth with a tremendous crash; a cloud of dust and lime cleared away to exhibit a shapeless heap of ruin; while its brave garrison, stationed in that part of the building, were buried and invisible in the mass which alone appeared. The fall of this wall laid open the interior of the building much more extensively than the former had done.

The alacrity of the enemy was now exerted to the utmost: in order to counteract the effect of carcasses discharged with the object of setting on fire the other portions of the building, parties watched where they struck, and in the intervals of firing, were em-

ployed in cutting them out, and thereby preventing the destruction that must naturally have resulted, had they been left to burn amidst the wooded portions of the building. These efforts were effectual, and all attempt to set it on fire for some time appeared unattended with the slightest success.

On the 20th, intelligence was received of the approaching re-appearance of the Duke of Ragusa, after having assembled a considerable force. This occasioned an immediate movement on the part of the allies: the army, with the exception of the troops carrying on the siege of the forts, was placed in position on the heights of San Christoval, with its right on the Tormes, and left extending near to Aldea Seca. The 5th division passed the night at the last-mentioned village.—In the course of the evening some skirmishing had taken place between the advancing enemy and the British cavalry, but no affair of importance occurred.

The following morning, General Leith's division marched from Aldea Seca, and formed part of the alignement on the fine position covering Salamanca. The enemy appeared in force, bivouacing directly in front of the allies; some slight affairs were the consequence of the very proximate situation of the two armies, but nothing indicated an intention on either

part of immediately proceeding to more serious conflict.

At daybreak of the 22d, the enemy appeared in his position of the former day. To relieve or withdraw the garrisons of the forts, was the evident purpose of this advance on the part of Marshal Marmont. The ammunition for the heavy ordnance with the allied army had been nearly expended in two days' firing, without having sufficiently damaged the defences to render an assault advisable. The commander of the forces had, therefore, no other alternative left than to watch the motions of his opponent, offer him battle, and mask the works in Salamanca, until additional means of reducing them were procured from the depots.

The position of the armies presented a singular contrast: the allies on high and commanding ground, from whence the slightest movement of the enemy was perceptible; the French, on the plain directly below, just sufficiently distant to be out of the range of artillery, were not in sight of the town, or of those garrisons which it was their object to communicate with, and succour.

Early in the morning, the French Marshal reconnoitred the right of the allied position. This produced a slight affair. He was prevented from prose-

cuting his meditated observation, and retired, after sustaining the loss of a hundred men. Later in the forenoon, the French staff were perceived moving, with an escort, from their right, in the direction of Aldea Seca, evidently intending to ascertain the precise situation of the allied left. In this instance the Duke of Ragusa advanced so near to the position of his opponents, and removed so far from his own troops, that there appeared a probability, not only of interrupting his observations, but of intercepting his return. For this purpose, and to discourage these bold attempts at reconnoissance, Lord Wellington directed his aide-de-camp, Captain Burgh, to proceed to the quarters of the 12th dragoons, and order two squadrons of that regiment to mount, and go forth on this service. Accompanying Captain Burgh, we descended the sloping ground in our front, and entered a village, situated towards the left of the position, where the 12th were stationed. Nothing could be more congenial to the feelings of Colonel Ponsonby than this chasse; the men and horses were lightened of every encumbrance, and being formed without any delay, he placed himself at their head, and at a quick pace sallied forth from the village. The scene now became animated and interesting: it was a species of great tournament,

the lists of which were peopled by 50,000 men. The rapid advance of this body of light cavalry, particularly under the circumstances, excited the curiosity of the enemy; the huts in his encampment poured forth their inmates, who seemed intensely watching the result of this singular rencontre, about to take place within cannon-shot of either army.

The Marshal and his staff, previously to observing the 12th, were so far advanced that he certainly incurred danger of being intercepted; but with him were some voltigeurs, who, on being approached, covered the plain on his left, and kept up a warm tiraillade on the British dragoons, checking their progress when at a short distance from the French staff, and affording time to secure a retreat, of which the Duke of Ragusa availed himself without the least delay. The 12th returned to their quarters, the French infantry to their huts, and every thing again became as quiet as before; no further attempt at reconnoissance was, however, made by the Duke, during the time he subsequently continued in front of the San Christoval position.

The 23d, at daylight, the enemy's columns were perceived moving from the position of the preceding day, covered by their cavalry. The ground towards which Marshal Marmont was now marching, lay at

the distance of two leagues to the right of that he had previously occupied. It was ascertained, later in the day, by Lord Wellington, that some of the French troops had passed the Tormes; in consequence of which movement, Sir Thomas Graham was ordered to cross the river at the Santa Marta ford with the 1st and 7th divisions of infantry, and to interpose his force between that of the enemy now on the left bank, and the town of Salamanca.

On the evening of the 24th it was resolved to attempt the capture of the two minor forts by escalade. The troops of the 6th division received orders to that effect. Exactly at ten o'clock, Generals Hulse and Bowes proceeded on this service.

From the spire of the cathedral I witnessed the scene that ensued, certainly one of a very brilliant description: the enemy was on the alert; the moon shone bright, rendering the slightest movement discernible. The moment the British troops debouched, an uninterrupted and vigorous fire burst forth from the artillery of the forts, accompanied by incessant discharges of musketry: the valley presented one continued blaze of light. General Hulse attacked La Merced. General Bowes succeeded in rearing some ladders against Gayetano, but could not force an entrance: Unfortunately he fell, and the column un-

der his orders lost upwards of 120 in killed and wounded. Of the former was Captain Sir George Colquhoun of the Queen's Regiment.

The attack by General Hulse proved equally unsuccessful, and hopes of gaining immediate possession were consequently abandoned.

After manœuvring for some time on the left bank of the river, the French Marshal, finding all his attempts at communication with the forts frustrated, recrossed the Tormes.

A supply of ammunition having been received by the allies on the morning of the 26th, renewed efforts were made to complete the reduction of the works. The batteries commenced firing at three in the afternoon, and before sunset, a volume of smoke ascending from one of the towers of the Convent of San Vicente, proved the success that attended the use of heated shot: portions of the roof of the building also exhibited symptoms of ignition; but the exertions of the garrison for a time again succeeded in checking the conflagration.

During the night, the fire of heated shot was continued: the utmost efforts of the enemy could not effectually subdue the flames which burst forth at intervals; nor did a very heavy fall of rain tend to extinguish them, and at ten o'clock in the forenoon

Drawn by Major Leith Esqr

Engd by W.H.Lizars

SALAMANCA.

Edinburgh Published by D. Lizars & Whittaker & Co. London Novr 1830.

of the 27th, the entire range of building was in a blaze.

The commandants of San Vicente and Gayetano at length became alarmed. Flags of truce were displayed, and offers of surrender made, but the moment was too critical to admit of much time for consideration being granted; Lord Wellington limited the period of his acceptance of conditional surrender to five minutes, at the expiry of which, no indication of the imperial flag being immediately lowered becoming visible, the batteries recommenced firing, and the troops advanced to the assault, carrying Fort Gayetano by its gorge, and San Vicente from the fascine battery at its southeastern front. The garrisons making but slight resistance, the loss sustained by the allies in the ultimate operation was very insignificant.

Thirty-six pieces of ordnance, with eight hundred prisoners, were captured in these works, where were also found a large quantity of stores and ammunition. Their surrender gave great joy to the inhabitants of Salamanca: in the evening the town was illuminated, and rejoicings were heard in every direction; the population crowded the streets; music and dancing occupied a large portion of the lower orders, while the sounds of patriotic festivity were to be heard

throughout the whole course of a beautiful and serene night.

Early on the 28th, the Duke of Ragusa, having ascertained the capture of the forts, retired from before the allied army, one of his columns marching on the Valladolid, and another by the Toro road. Thus was this once celebrated seat of learning relieved from the presence of any French troops; nor could the sincerity of the demonstrations of cordiality, so prodigally bestowed on the allies, be for an instant doubted. The natural hatred to the enemy had been increased by the wanton conduct which for years past had excited the strongest feelings of detestation: the ruined state of the public buildings of the town proved the unnecessary devastation that had been committed, and which, in every direction, served to recall circumstances never to be erased from the minds of its inhabitants, keeping alive the dormant, but strongly excited, spirit of revenge resulting from such deep and bitterly felt injuries.

When it was ascertained that Marshal Marmont had retired, a Te Deum was performed in the cathedral, at which Lord Wellington, accompanied by a numerous body of the officers of his army, attended. The scene was grand and impressive, the spacious noble building crowded to excess, and the ceremony per-

formed with all the pomp and splendour of Catholic worship. The pealing organ never poured its tones over a more brilliant, varied, or chivalrous audience. To describe the variety of groups would be endless: the eye, wandering through the expanse of building, could seldom rest twice on objects of similarity.

All the pomp of a great episcopal seat was displayed on the occasion. Contrasted with the sombre dresses of the numerous unofficiating clergy, the scarlet uniforms of the British were held in relief by the dark Spanish or Portuguese costume. The Spanish peasant, in all the simplicity and cleanliness of his dress, appeared by the mustached and fierce-looking guerilla; while the numerous mantillas and waving fans of the Spanish ladies attracted attention to the dark voluptuous beauties of Castille. It was an enthusiastic and imposing scene; nor was its least impressive effect produced by the quiet, unassuming presence of the great man who, in the career of his glory, knew that by showing respect to the religious institutions of other countries, he best secured for himself those feelings which are only to be substantially acquired by deference to the customs of a people having an equal right with ourselves to adopt the persuasion or the forms most congenial to

their minds, and most consistent with their conscientious views.

Of the clergy present on this occasion, one of the most dignified in manner and appearance was Doctor Curtis, whose perfect knowledge of the language and customs of both kingdoms, enabled him to become essentially useful in all communications with the civil or ecclesiastical authorities of Salamanca.

In the evening, the town was again illuminated, and a ball given by the magistracy to Lord Wellington and his officers, at which the sounds of music had not ceased when the allied army marched in pursuit of the enemy.

At half past three in the morning, the troops advanced. The centre, composed of the 1st, 5th, and 7th divisions, with General Le Merchant's brigade of dragoons, encamped on the heights above Obrado, where the left and right columns also arrived and bivouac'd. The whole army occupied a wood extending about three miles in length; the weather was beautiful—the troops in high spirits; every thing bespoke cheerfulness. The fortunate commencement of the campaign had inspired confidence, and ardent hopes were entertained of future successes.

On the 30th, the centre column halted at Fuente la Peña, which became the head-quarters. The enemy

had retired from that village on the preceding day. At Alaejos, on the 1st of July, it was ascertained that we were treading rapidly on the footsteps of the French marshal, he having left that town at two in the morning with the force collected in front of Salamanca; excepting one division which had marched direct upon Toro.

The 5th division bivouac'd on the banks of a stream one league in front of Alaejos: the light cavalry patrolled through Nava del Rey; and the following day the whole army continued its advanced movement; the right column arriving at Dueñas de Medina, the centre at Torrecilla, the left in the valley of Medina below Torrecilla. The Spanish corps of Don Carlos España occupied Nava del Rey; while the light division and cavalry, having driven the enemy from Rueda, were established in that village with their advanced posts near to Tordesillas.

The army halted on the 3d, with the exception of the cavalry and light division sent in advance towards the bridge of Tordesillas, and the 3d division under General Picton, moved to the left for the purpose of watching the enemy's troops stationed near the fords of the Duero at Pollos. The whole of the enemy's army had now passed the river. Tordesillas became the head-quarters of the Duke of Ragusa,

and his troops were concentrated along the line of the Duero, extending towards Costronuño, with a division still further to their right at Toro.

From the 3d to the 8th of July no material alteration took place in the position of the allied army. The enemy had a line of posts close upon the banks of the Duero, watching the fords. The 5th and 6th divisions moved about two miles down the valley of Medina, and encamped on the heights upon the right bank of the Zapardiel rivulet.

Lord Wellington had, at this period, under his immediate orders, ten regiments of cavalry—the light, 1st, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th divisions of infantry; the unattached Portuguese brigades of Generals Pack and Bradford, and the Spanish cavalry and infantry under Don Carlos España and Don Julian Sanchez.

From the delay which had taken place, it appeared evident that the commander of the forces had no intention of forcing the passage of the Duero. All active operations were consequently for a time suspended; nor did there seem a probability of renewed hostilities until the French general should repass the river with a purpose of regaining possession of the ground he had lost, important to either army from being a very fertile and productive district.

There were three points in his line at which the enemy might repass the river, and attack the allied army—either by the bridge of Tordesillas, then in a perfect state, by the fords at Pollos, or by the repaired bridge of Toro. From the alacrity with which the French worked at the latter, and its being the shortest line from the Duero to Salamanca, it was probable that the Duke of Ragusa would recross his army in that direction, and by so doing come on the left flank of the allies.

The river alone intervening between the armies, any movement, or alteration of position, on the part of the enemy, became immediately known. His slightest change of quarters was vigilantly watched; and, secure of no important offensive operation taking place without sufficient warning, the troops continued quietly stationed in the neighbourhood of the numerous and extensive villages with which this part of Spain is closely studded.

On the evening of the 9th, the 5th and 6th divisions marched from the camp near Foncastin, and bivouac'd close to Nava del Rey: from thence General Clinton, with his division, and two squadrons of General Le Merchant's brigade of cavalry, moved to Alaejos.

In consequence of reports that the enemy had

marched troops towards his right, and the repairs of the bridge at Toro being nearly completed, it became important to extend the allied army to its left. On the 12th, the 7th division marched into Nava del Rey, and the 1st moved from Medina del Campo to Villa-verde.

Medina del Campo, still a populous town, is greatly reduced from the consequence it once possessed. In the reign of the Emperor Charles V., it enjoyed great celebrity and commercial importance, being then the place of assembly for one of the largest fairs in Europe.

From the 12th to the 16th, no event of an interesting description varied the then rather monotonous character of the campaign. Not a musket-shot disturbed the tranquillity of the armies. On the forenoon of the latter, nothing appearing to indicate a movement of importance, and being instigated by curiosity to ascertain the operations of the enemy at Toro, I left the encampment of the 5th division, and rode to within about half a mile of the bridge then under repair. The French, accompanied by a number of Spanish peasants, were actively employed in laying planks across the chasms that had been formed by the explosion of its two centre arches. The work, apparently, was in a state of great forwardness; nor

Drawn by Major Leith Hay

Engd by W.H. Lizars

TORD.

Edinburgh Published by D. Lizars & Whittaker & Co. London Novr. 1830.

did it seem improbable that the reports of the enemy's intention to cross the Duero on the following day, would be realized. The quiet, uninterrupted manner in which I was permitted to overlook this operation, induced me to commit to paper the position of the city, with the river and bridge. No French soldier appeared on the left bank; nor did I meet with the slightest obstruction during the course of a rather protracted sojourn in the enemy's immediate view. The repair, so elaborately bestowed on the bridge of Toro, was, as became subsequently proved, for the purpose of deceiving the British general in the line of march to be adopted by the enemy's troops; consequently there could be no jealousy created by the circumstance of an officer sketching the position, or noting down the progress towards completion, of a work to be destroyed the moment its purposes of deception had been carried to their full extent.

In returning to Nava del Rey, I passed the quarters of General Picton, and remained a considerable time with that distinguished officer. The personal look and manner of General Picton was stern and cold, as was his conversation on subjects where his individual opinion was at variance with the conduct of others, or opposed to the current of passing events; but

with this unusual appearance of austerity was combined a gentleness and occasional kindness of manner when in society, or without the excitement produced by reference to the more immediate incidents connected with the profession, in which he was undoubtedly enthusiastic. His cool, determined bravery in action, was strongly contrasted with the irritation sometimes exhibited under other circumstances of command.

It was twilight when I rejoined the 5th division. The day had been one of great activity in the French army; nor had the tired horse I rode again entered the streets of Nava before two divisions of the enemy had crossed the bridge of Toro—these troops having marched from the neighbourhood of Tordesillas, under the orders of General Bonnèt, who had recently arrived from the Asturias to reinforce the Duke of Ragusa. His division, composed of veteran soldiers, numerous and in high order, had not previously been opposed to British troops. The inactivity, that for a month had characterised the war, now gave place to movements of the deepest interest. The re-passage of the Duero was not the manœuvre of an army about to prosecute a campaign either by partial affairs, long and distant marches, or operations tending to procrastinate its decided results:

the French marshal, evidently confident in his force, seemed determined to come into immediate contact with his opponent.

General Bonnèt, after crossing the river at Toro, and circulating reports that the entire French army were to adopt the same route, again passed to the right bank of the Duero, broke down the repairs of the bridge, and, having marched all night, rejoined the main body in the act of advancing from Tordesillas.

The motive of the Duke of Ragusa for making this feint, was evidently to occasion an alteration in Lord Wellington's line of operations, that would essentially contribute to the success of a movement, having for its object forcing back the allies from the line of the Duero, and intercepting, if possible, their direct communication with Salamanca.

On the evening of the 17th, Lord Wellington put his army in movement: the 5th division arriving at Canizal, the light and 4th divisions being at Castrajon, and the cavalry in front of that village. At daybreak on the 18th, General Leith left Canizal, with his own and the 6th division, in consequence of orders to advance in the direction of Torrecilla de la Orden, situated about a league in rear of Castrajon. While the troops were executing this move-

ment, a heavy cannonade was heard in our immediate front, proceeding, evidently, from an attack on the allied force, at or near to the last-mentioned village.

As was to be expected, the French marshal advanced with rapidity and determination; either the movement on Toro was perfectly useless, or, if otherwise, his only chance of deriving the slightest advantage from it, was pressing on the allies before the different corps of the army were collected on the line of march, which, he had reason to hope, would be in some measure abandoned. Having received orders to proceed in advance, and to ascertain the nature of the attack which had been made, I rode to the infantry encampment near Castrajon, and there found General Cole dismounted, surveying the warm affair in progress between our cavalry and that of the enemy, supported by infantry and artillery: the plain was filled with smoke, while the hostile parties appeared engaged in a very unequal conflict. The British cavalry were outnumbered, and losing ground; nor did there appear any intention on the part of the commander of the forces to send forward the infantry in support; the distance was crowded with the advancing troops of the enemy, and every thing indicated the commencement of a very serious affair.

The artillery fire, which had been kept up for a

considerable space of time, the galloping about of cavalry, the clouds of dust ascending from the plain, all conspired to make this affair appear of greater importance than from its results, either as to loss of life or immediate consequences, it in reality deserved. It was, notwithstanding, a very animated and interesting scene, evidently the forerunner of great events. When Lord Wellington arrived on the spot, much anxiety prevailed to learn what movement he would direct; the enemy was pressing rapidly forward on both flanks, thereby rendering an immediate change of position necessary. The whole French army was in movement.

The ground upon which the light and 4th divisions stood was neither sufficiently extensive, nor otherwise well calculated to afford a good defensive position for the allied army; the strong heights of Canizal were in its rear, and to these the British general determined to retire: the infantry marched in retreat, while the cavalry and horse artillery were ordered to attract the attention, and check the advance, of the enemy.

Wounded dragoons and captured soldiers were arriving from the front in rapid succession, the former exhibiting, in the cuts they had received, the comparatively harmless effect of sabre encounters,

when contrasted with the more deadly working of musketry, or thrusts from the straight sword of the French dragoon.

The advance of the enemy on Alacjos turned the left flank of the position at Castrajon; and as at the same time he pressed vigorously on the rear of the column retreating from thence, the line of march towards Torrecilla de la Orden became rather obstructed. The troops, however, retired in the most perfect order; and although, in descending to the banks of the Guareña, the light division was obliged to abandon the great route, and march by lateral footpaths, it was executed with trifling loss, and without the slightest confusion.

The rear of the British divisions had but a few minutes retired from the heights, when they were crowned by the enemy's artillery, directed into the valley now crowded with troops.

The 5th division, unaware of the near approach of the enemy's cannon, had halted to obtain water from the river. This was rendered more desirable by an atmosphere of excessive heat occasioning parching thirst, superinduced by quantities of dust, with which the soldiers were absolutely covered. The first discharges from the enemy's cannon convinced General Leith, that retiring in column under this

fire would be attended with considerable loss: he, therefore, directed the brigades to deploy as quickly as possible; which being accomplished, the shot plunged over the lines, occasioning but few casualties, and the division took up its ground on the heights of Canizal.

The junction of the different corps of the allied army had now been secured, and although the whole "Army of Portugal" was in front, the only danger to be apprehended was any unforeseen and rapid flank movement that the French marshal might attempt, for the purpose of interposing between Lord Wellington and Salamanca; nor did any time elapse before an endeavour to turn the position by its left, attracted attention to the part of it where General Cole and the 4th division were stationed. There the Duke of Ragusa passed some troops across the Guareña at Carteillo, below the junction of the streams, appearing determined, if possible, to force an entrance by that direction into the valley of Canizal.

General Victor Alten's brigade of light cavalry had been engaged for some time with that of the enemy. To his support General Cole marched with General William Anson's brigade, and that of Portuguese troops under Colonel Stubbs. The cavalry encounters had been to a certain extent successful

on the part of the allies; but when General Cole proceeded to charge the enemy's infantry with the 27th and 40th regiments, the French stood with unusual firmness, as if determined to await the encounter at close quarters: the British regiments, however, pressed forward with alacrity, resolution, and discipline, overthrew the enemy, who fled, closely pursued by General Alten's brigade, and two hundred and forty prisoners were secured; about four hundred of the French being left dead or wounded on the plain. General Carrier, of the French cavalry, was taken prisoner on this occasion.

With this affair terminated the enemy's attempts on the left of the allies. His army appeared concentrated directly in front; nor did any hostile movement occur during the after part of the day. Lord Wellington, apparently determined, if attacked, to defend the position he now occupied, ordered some field works to be constructed for the purpose of strengthening it; and at night, the 5th division furnished a working party, which, under the superintendence of Colonel Sturgeon, commenced throwing up cover for its artillery. The night passed in perfect tranquillity; the whole country blazed with the fires of the bivouacs, while in its stillness, voices were heard from one encampment to the other. Day-

break displayed no movement or preparation for battle in the enemy's lines: a pause appeared to have taken place, and the bustle and turbulence that had distinguished the early part of the preceding day seemed to have been succeeded by an unexpected cessation of hostilities. As day advanced, we anxiously inspected all parts of the French encampment, to observe if any signs of renewed activity were visible, but without being enabled to distinguish the most trivial indication that a change of position was meditated, either to the front or otherwise. The often resorted to glasses were closed, with the disappointing declaration that all appeared quiet and immovable. At length, towards evening, it became evident that this stillness was to be interrupted. Marshal Marmont, having in vain assailed the left, now manœuvred against the other flank of the allies, and marched his whole army by its left towards the plain of Vallesa. In consequence of this movement, the light and 5th divisions got under arms, and marched in a parallel direction with that adopted by the French army. The light division, under General Charles Alten, being on our immediate right, was the first to move off the ground, and we followed the same route across the country.

With the exception of a short period during the dead of night, the troops continued marching; and at daybreak the whole army was assembled in columns on the plain of Vallesa. The enemy was close opposite, and apparently prepared to try the result of a general action; circumstances, however, soon proved this not to be the intention of the French marshal, who persevered in his flank movement, proceeding along the range of heights on the left bank of the Guareña.

To prevent his communications from being obstructed, an immediate and rapid advance by his right, became a matter of necessity on the part of Lord Wellington. When the two armies were thus put in motion, they were within cannon-shot of each other; the French occupying higher ground than the allies: but the space between them was lower than either of the routes, and nothing intervened to obstruct a view of the columns of enemies, that thus continued to pursue their course without the least obstacle to prevent their coming into instantaneous contact; for the slightest divergement from either line of march towards each other, would have brought them within musketry distance. I have always considered this day's march as a very extraordinary scene, only to have occurred from the generals opposed commanding highly disciplined ar-

mies, at the same time each pursuing an object from which he was not for an instant to be abstracted by minor circumstances: the French marshal pressing forward to arrive first on the Tormes; Lord Wellington following his motions, and steadily adhering to the defensive, until substantial reasons appeared to demand a deviation from that course, and the adoption of a more decided conduct. During the day of the 20th, which exceeded in heat those that had preceded it, the British infantry, encumbered with the enormous weight they then carried, had to perform a very long and fatiguing march.

There were occasional slight skirmishes, brought on by the routes approaching each other, or the anxiety of French and allied stragglers to obtain undisputed right of pillage in the unfortunate villages that lay in the intermediate space between the armies; otherwise no spectator would have imagined the two immense moving columns that filled the whole country, and seemed interminable, being lost to the eye in dust and distance, comprised two armies actuated with earnest desires for the destruction of each other, but who, although possessed of numerous artillery and cavalry, were persevering on their way, as if by mutual consent refraining from serious hostility, until arrived at the arena destined

for the great trial, to which either was now advancing with confidence, and without interruption.

About midday, the rear of the allied army presented a long line of straggling conductors of commissariat stores, and private baggage: the space between the armies became at the same time narrowed, rendering it probable an effort would in consequence be made to intercept this unguarded line of march; nor did there appear the least difficulty in the enemy's obstructing the route, and sweeping off a large portion of these dilatory followers of the troops. General Bonnèt suggested this measure to the Duke of Ragusa, requesting permission to move down with his division, and attack the rear of the allies: this proposition did not meet the views of the general-in-chief, and was strenuously resisted. At the same moment some French voltigeurs entered a village about equidistant from the lines of march: it was not considered advisable to permit their quiet possession of this point. The 5th division was ordered to halt, and the 8th Portuguese Cazadores being sent into the town, they soon dislodged the enemy; and a great proportion of the persons for whose safety some apprehensions had been entertained, being now advanced in the line of the column, the infantry again moved forward, the valley

soon after widened, the route of the enemy inclining to the left, while that of the allies led direct to the San Christoval position, in front of Salamanca. Before evening, the armies had lost sight of each other and to the satisfaction of the troops, we halted near the village of Pitiegua, with every prospect of being permitted to remain undisturbed during the night.

The men had scarcely time to compose themselves in their bivouacs, or the staff of the respective divisions to occupy the indifferent accommodation which the town afforded, when reports arrived that some French light cavalry were approaching. This appeared a very extraordinary crusade for French cavalry to set out upon; but was so confidently stated, that it became necessary to ascertain the fact. I immediately got upon horseback, and proceeded to the encampment in front of the town. A line of cavalry appeared on the plain, advancing with caution. The artillery of the 3d division were drawn out, General Pakenham watching the progress of these supposedly hostile horsemen. Having seen the Portuguese cavalry in the morning, I had little doubt, from every circumstance, it was General D'Urban's brigade that now appeared on the plain; they were dressed very similarly to the enemy's chasseurs à cheval, and had not been previously

seen by the officers of the infantry bivouac. From whatever cause it proceeded, they advanced with great caution; every thing tended to increase the delusion. In the act of riding forward to ascertain their identity, after having approached sufficiently near to perceive General D'Urban, I was returning with the information, when a discharge from the artillery of the 3d division was poured into the centre of the supposed enemies, and several men and horses rolled on the earth. I galloped back, making signals to cease firing; and having communicated to General Pakenham that it was General D'Urban and his brigade, rode forward to the latter, who appeared astonished at the unexpected reception he had met with. The mistake was explained; and the night passed without farther excitement.

At daylight we marched to the heights of San Christoval, and from thence to the right bank of the Tormes, encamping near to the Santa Marta ford.

The whole of the enemy's army was now on the Tormes, near to Babilafuente, and opposite to the fords on the river at Huerta.

The town of Salamanca presented a very different scene from that we had witnessed on the advance of the army. The happiness and confidence then exhibited by its inhabitants had been changed to gloomy

forebodings of what they considered now likely to occur, namely, the retreat of the allied army, and the undisputed possession of the enemy; an enemy naturally exasperated at the manifestations of friendship bestowed upon those to whom he was opposed.

The power and resistless influence of French military force again occupied the minds of the Spaniards: we had, they supposed, obtained a temporary success, occasioned by circumstances connected with the then divided state of the French army, but when brought together, as in the present instance, it was by them considered irresistible. That we were aware of this fact, and prepared to retire upon Cuidad Rodrigo, was the concluding event connected with this mode of reasoning; that pillage, fire, and sword, would be let loose on them and their families, they deemed the certain consequence attending the reverse of circumstances and the disastrous aspect of affairs.

The eagerness with which the Spaniard questioned, the watchful look, the whispering, the not to be mistaken gesture denoting despondency and want of confidence, all bespoke the agitation and hopeless state of his mind. The delight with which he saw troops moving towards the Santa Marta ford, and the terror displayed when others marched to cross

the bridge of Salamanca, proved the anxiety with which he endeavoured to discover, more from circumstances than protestations, what was likely to be the line of conduct adopted by Lord Wellington; the former route being very correctly supposed to lead into contact with the enemy, the other commencing the line of immediate retreat. Many of its inhabitants had deserted the town, which looked gloomy and desolate.

As usual in similar cases, constant reports spread alarm, and ludicrous scenes occurred from its being supposed that the enemy was in the immediate vicinity. So near the track of a large army, it was to be expected that many of its followers would enter the city, and linger within its walls. Frequent orders and repeated messages proved ineffectual in getting subordinate commissariat officers and others to repair to the bivouacs. At length an officer of the staff, wearied with fruitless endeavours to clear the town of these people, circulated a report that the French cavalry were in the act of entering it: the scene that ensued was very ridiculous; but the ruse had the desired effect, and I have seldom seen fear more decidedly exhibited than by some civilians of our own country upon this occasion.

Towards evening, the commander of the forces

ascertained that Marshal Marmont had passed the main body of his army across the Tormes by the fords of Huerta, moving by his left to gain the Cuidad Rodrigo road; to counteract the effects of this manœuvre, he immediately put the allied army in motion. Before darkness had closed in, we had passed the Santa Marta ford, and encamped on the high ground in rear of Calvarassa de Ariba; the 3d division, the Spanish force under Don Carlos de España, and General D'Urban's brigade of cavalry, alone remaining on the Salamanca side of the river.

The 5th division had but a short time arrived at its bivouacs, in rear of an extensive wood, and on the summit of a plateau, that, with little variety of altitude, extended from the nearest of two remarkable heights, called the Arapiles, to the bank of the Tormes at the village of Santa Marta, when the appearance of the air bespoke an approaching storm. The rain soon fell in torrents, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning, and succeeded by instantaneous peals of thunder. A more violent crash of the elements has seldom been witnessed; its effects were soon apparent. General Le Merchant's brigade of cavalry had halted to our left; the men, dismounted, were either seated or lying on the ground, holding their horses, who, alarmed by the thunder, started with

violence, and many of them, breaking loose, galloped across the country in all directions. This dispersion, and the frightened horses passing without riders in a state of wildness, added to the awful effect of the tempest; nor was the situation in which we were otherwise placed one of great brightness. For days past the enemy appeared to control our movements, and to force us back without an effort: we were now, in the darkness of night, close to him—but where, or in what direction, was known only to the head-quarters, in search of whom officers were constantly passing and repassing; but with the night closed the gloomy prospects of the drama. Morning was to dawn on brighter views and nobler deeds: with the light commenced that scene of intense interest,—that, by the British, never to be forgotten day, on which was turned the fortune of the war, which laid the foundation for the career of glory that ultimately liberated Spain, and, by destroying the *morale* of the troops of Napoleon, never afterwards enabled them to cope with the inhabitants of Great Britain with equal confidence, or with a like prospect of success.

Before daybreak, scattered reports of musketry were heard in the direction of Calvarassa de Ariba, in front of which, on the height of Nuestra Señora

de la Peña, the enemy had advanced a large body of light troops. When it became perfectly light, the tiraillade grew warm and incessant. Some troops of the 7th division, and General Victor Alten's light cavalry, were engaged in this affair.

The nearest of the Arapiles, which, although considerably higher, is connected with the ridge on which we now stood, had been occupied by the allies on the preceding night: the other hill of that name, of greater altitude, more isolated, and rising from the plain at the angular point formed by the receding of the heights, had not been then considered as important. Early in the morning, however, troops were sent to take possession of it; but the enemy had anticipated this movement, and part of the brigade of General Maucun already crowned the summit, no effort being then made to dislodge him.

Large bodies of the enemy's troops were perceived marching to their left; forming in rear of the Arapiles, and on the skirts of a wood extending towards Alba de Tormes. These columns were considered by General Leith to be within the range of the artillery of his division, which he ordered in advance to a height in front of his position, from whence was obtained a better view of the formation taking place under cover of the Arapiles. Having reached this

eminence, Captain Lawson opened his fire with such effect that the nearest of the enemy's troops made a rapid, and not very orderly, change of position, proceeding to a distance greatly out of reach of the point where the British artillery were annoying them.

To counteract the galling effects of this attack, the enemy brought forward some guns, which he placed so as to bear diagonally on the height occupied by Captain Lawson; from these, immediately opened a destructive fire, killing and wounding several men and horses, and damaging one of the carriages. Captain Tomkinson's troop of the 16th light dragoons had been sent forward to protect the British cannon: it was formed under shelter of the height, and not exposed to the cannonade that was now kept up with great spirit.

I was sent down to direct the artillery to retire, and to bring the light dragoons back across the ravine, which was now swept by a shower of balls and howitzer shells. The 16th separated, and galloped back without sustaining serious loss; but I was more apprehensive for the artillery, its carriages of course presenting larger objects, and not moving with the same rapidity: they, however, did not suffer so much as might have been expected, and soon regained the

ground on which the division had been the unwilling spectators of this noisy fray.

The day was fine; the sun shone bright,—nor was there any atmospheric obstruction to prevent a clear view of passing events: no haze withheld a distinct observation to the very extremity of the plains upon which the enemy was in movement. Occasional smoke from the firing, and dust, alone created a temporary uncertainty in the view of any movement of either army.

About midday, a force, consisting of not less than 10,000 men, countermarched from near the Arapiles, and formed directly opposite to the 5th division: this column was accompanied by artillery, and had every appearance of meditating an immediate attack. I was ordered to proceed as expeditiously as possible towards the right of the army, to inform Lord Wellington of this demonstration. On being made acquainted with the posture of affairs, he declared his intention of riding to the spot, and directed me to accompany him. When he arrived at the ground of the 5th division, now under arms, and perfectly prepared to receive the attack, his Lordship found the enemy in the same formation as when he first appeared opposite, but not displaying any intention of trying his fortune by crossing the ravine at that

point. The commander of the forces soon became satisfied that no operation of consequence was intended against this part of his line; and he again galloped towards the right, which at that time had become the most interesting and important scene of action.

The French army was evidently pressing forward to gain the Cuidad Rodrigo road, and the greater proportion of its force had now assembled either to the southward, or to the left of the Arapiles; it consequently became necessary for Lord Wellington to follow, and counteract these movements of his adversary.

The 4th division, and General Pack's brigade of Portuguese infantry, had already arrived to our right of the nearest Arapiles. The 5th division soon after received orders to march in that direction; in executing which we passed close to the rear of the 4th division, taking up ground to its right, and on the same line. At some distance, in rear of the 5th, was stationed the 7th division, under General Hope; while the 6th, commanded by General Henry Clinton, was in line to support the 4th. The 1st and light divisions continued between the Tormes and the Arapiles heights. General Pakenham, with the 3d division, General D'Urban's cavalry, two squadrons

of the 14th light dragoons, and the Spanish infantry, were posted near to Aldea Tejada; while General Bradford's brigade, and the heavy cavalry of General Le Merchant, were immediately on the right of the 5th division, but considerably to its rear: such was the disposition of the allied army at two o'clock in the afternoon of the 22d. The whole range of heights on the opposite side of the valley, in which the village of Arapiles is situated, were completely covered with the enemy's troops, all in motion; his cavalry and artillery pressing forward, and repelling those of the allies, not towards the line of the army, but in the direction of General Pakenham, then on the flank of both armies.

The British infantry remained for a considerable time without movement, or being assailed by the enemy, who still advanced in column, presenting a similar line of march with that he had adopted on the 20th, and probably anticipating the same results.

From the formation of the ground, the left of General Cole's position was nearer the line of march of the French than any other portion of the British line. It also presented a knoll well calculated for the operations of field artillery: from thence, previous to the commencement of the action, Captain Sympher

kept up a constant and well-directed fire against the moving masses of the enemy.

About three o'clock, a force of not less than twenty pieces of artillery were assembled by the enemy on the heights directly opposite to the 5th division. The ground upon which the division stood, was flat, and the troops without any means of shelter. It became consequently advisable to make the regiments recline on the field, and, by so doing, avoid in some measure the effects of what was evidently to become a very heavy cannonade. For at least an hour did these brave soldiers immovably support the efforts made to annihilate them by the showers of shot and howitzer shells that were either passing over or recochèting through the ranks.

General Leith, on horseback, passed repeatedly along the front of his division, speaking to and animating the men, who earnestly expressed an anxious desire for permission to attack the enemy.

In the progress of this scene the light infantry of either army were busily employed. The village of Arapiles, defended by the Guards, and two companies of the fusileers, was repeatedly assailed, and the enemy invariably driven back.

At length the welcome intelligence was imparted, that we were no longer to be cannonaded with im-

punity. Lord Wellington arrived from the right, and communicated to General Leith his intention of immediately attacking the enemy.

It is impossible to describe the energetic exultation with which the soldiers sprung to their feet; if ever primary impulse gained a battle, that of Salamanca was won before the troops moved forward! General Pakenham commenced the action by advancing in four columns, coming direct upon the enemy's left flank, which he vigorously attacked, and drove back in disorder.

General Leith was directed to form his division in two lines, the first of which was composed of the Royal, 9th, and 38th regiments, with part of the 4th regiment from General Pringle's brigade, necessarily brought forward for the purpose of equalizing the lines, of which the second was formed by the remainder of General Pringle's, and the whole of General Spry's Portuguese infantry.

When General Bradford's brigade came up, the division was to appui itself on to his left, march directly up the heights, and attack the enemy's columns. Lord Wellington on this, as on all occasions, gave his orders in a clear, concise, and spirited manner; there was no appearance of contemplating a doubtful result; all he directed was as to time and forma-

tion, and his instructions concluded with commands that the enemy should be overthrown, and driven from the field. He then proceeded towards the 4th division. The 5th, formed as he had directed, with its general in front of the centre of the first line, impatiently awaited the arrival of General Bradford; the moment he was in line, General Leith gave the signal, and the whole advanced in the most perfect order. Previously to this movement, he had dispatched his aides-de-camp, Captain Belshes and Captain Dowson, to different points of the line, in order to restrain any effort at getting more rapidly forward than was consistent with the important object of its arriving in perfect order close to the enemy, and at all points making a simultaneous attack. In ascending the height on which the French army was placed, the division continued to be annoyed by the artillery fire from its summit; the ground between the advancing force and that to be assailed was also crowded with light troops in extended order, carrying on a very incessant tiraillade. The general desired me to ride forward, make the light infantry press up the heights to clear his line of march, and if practicable make a rush at the enemy's cannon. In the execution of this service, I had to traverse the whole extent of surface directly in

front of the 5th division: the light troops soon drove back those opposed; the cannon were removed to the rear; every obstruction to the regular advance of the line had vanished. In front of the centre of that beautiful line rode General Leith, directing its movements, and regulating its advance. Occasionally every soldier was visible, the sun shining bright upon their arms, while at intervals all were enveloped in a dense cloud of dust, from whence, at times, issued the animating cheer of British infantry.

The confident presence of the enemy was now exchanged for the quiet formation proceeding in his ranks, as preparatives for resisting the evidently approaching shock. His columns, retired from the crest of the height, were formed in squares, about fifty yards removed from the ground, on which, when arrived, the British regiments would become visible. The French artillery, although placed more to the rear, still poured its fire on the advancing troops. In the act of urging forward the light infantry, a ball struck the horse I rode, and passing through his body, laid him dead on the spot. In this dilemma I waited until the line approached, and having dismounted an orderly dragoon, proceeded with the general, who continued in the same situation he had occupied when the division commenced its advance; namely,

in front of the colours of the 1st battalion of the 38th regiment. That corps, numerous and effective, had joined the army on the previous day, and, being the junior regiment, formed the centre of the first line; its commanding officer, Colonel Greville, having charge of the brigade, in the absence of General Hay.

The second line of the division was about a hundred yards in rear of the first; and between these, during the march towards the enemy, Lord Wellington at one time was, observing the progress of the attack.

We were now near the summit of the ridge. The men marched with the same orderly steadiness as at first: no advance in line at a review was ever more correctly executed: the dressing was admirable, and spaces were no sooner formed by casualties than closed up with the most perfect regularity, and without the slightest deviation from the order of march.

General Leith, and the officers of his staff, being on horseback, first perceived the enemy, and had time to observe his formation, previous to the infantry line becoming so visible, as to induce him to commence firing. He was drawn up in contiguous squares, the front rank kneeling, and prepared to fire when the drum beat for its commencement. All

was still and quiet in these squares;—not a musket was discharged until the whole opened. Nearly at the same moment General Leith ordered the line to fire, and charge: the roll of musketry was succeeded by that proud cheer that has become habitual to British soldiers on similar occasions—that to an enemy tremendous sound, which may without exaggeration be termed the note of victory. At this moment, the last thing I saw through the smoke was the plunge of Colonel Greville's horse, who, shot through the head, reared, and fell back on his rider. In an instant every individual present was enveloped in smoke and obscurity. No struggle for ascendency took place: the French squares were penetrated, broken, and discomfited; the victorious division pressed forward, not against troops opposed, but a mass of disorganized men, flying in all directions. General Le Merchant's brigade of heavy cavalry dashed forward on the right flank of the 5th division, while General Pakenham, having overthrown every thing before him, added an immense number to the mass of fugitives escaping from this brilliant attack.

Thus in the short space of less than one hour the battle was decided; the defeat of the French army became inevitable. Other divisions and corps of troops participated in the glory of the day, suffered

seriously, and nobly upheld the reputation they had previously acquired; but the battle of Salamanca was in reality won by the 3d and 5th divisions, General Bradford's Portuguese brigade, the squadrons of the 14th dragoons, and the heavy cavalry. By the combined attacks of these troops, one-fourth of the French army was defeated, and driven in confusion on its centre; and ten thousand of the allies, regularly formed, flushed with success, and supported by a large body of cavalry, were on the flank of the enemy's army, every step they advanced adding to his discomfiture, driving him rapidly from height to height, and forcing back an additional crowd of fugitives to annoy and confound their still undefeated comrades. It will easily be conceived that, in such a state of affairs, the battle was irretrievably lost to the enemy. The attack made by General Pack on the Arapiles was, as might have been expected from the nature of the ground, unsuccessful. The 4th division, so frequently distinguished during the war, attacked the division of General Bonnèt, which, favoured by its position, powerful from its numerical strength, and, as I have previously stated, unaccustomed to encounter British troops, made a firm and gallant resistance, nor could the utmost efforts of General Cole succeed in driving it back. Outflanked,

and seriously resisted, he for a time lost ground; but upon the 6th division moving up in support, the favourable state of the action in that part of the field was restored, and the whole French army gave way. When close to the enemy's squares in the commencement of the battle, General Leith was severely wounded, and reluctantly compelled to quit the field; nearly at the same moment the author of these pages was also wounded, and his horse killed by a musket ball. Captain Dowson, another of the general's aides-de-camp, had his foot shattered by a shot, and remained all night without assistance on the field. Colonel Berkeley, Major Gomm, Captain Belshes, and Captain George Hay, acting aide-de-camp in the absence of his father, composed the remaining officers of the divisional staff on this occasion, and, by their activity and gallantry, greatly conduced to the result of the successful service it had the good fortune to perform.

Having been removed from the field, I cannot detail the future movements of the 5th division on the night of the battle. They, however, consisted solely of pursuit, capturing many of the enemy; and, as a proof that it had penetrated to the very centre of his regiments, Major Birmingham, of the 15th Portuguese, one of the corps of General Spry's brigade,

was seen riding forward carrying a French eagle, which he had, during the mêlée, torn from the grasp of its bearer.

Colonel Barnes, of the Royal Scots, was shot through the body, leading his regiment in pursuit of the enemy. Colonel Miles, of the 38th, had been previously severely wounded.—Never was a more rapid reverse, and seldom a more signal defeat, than had overtaken the French army, which continued its flight during the night in the direction of Alba de Tormes, unfortunately left without any regular troops of the allied army. Situated as the armies were previous to the action, it would have compromised any force placed in that town; but could the result have been foreseen, its occupation must have ensured the capture of nearly all the artillery and ambulances of the French army.

The small body of irregular Spanish soldiery stationed in Alba fled on the approach of the vanquished army, which, consequently, met with no obstruction in defiling by the bridge at that place. The retreat by the fords of the Tormes, under such circumstances, would have been attended with great difficulty, and a delay fatal to the defeated army; for the unengaged troops of the allies had been marched towards Huerta, and would have obstructed its re-

treat in that direction; the darkness of night favoured the escape of many soldiers already captured, and enabled others to get away with impunity. Eleven pieces of cannon, two eagles, six stand of colours, and seven thousand prisoners, were ultimately secured. The field of battle was covered with dead bodies of the enemy.

Marshal the Duke of Ragusa was struck early in the action by a howitzer shell; it broke his right arm, severely wounded him in the side, and incapacitated him from further command. General Bonnèt succeeded, and was also wounded. General Clausel, the next in seniority, met with the same fate; but his hurt was not of a nature making it imperative to resign the charge of the discomfited army, whose retreat he from a litter continued to direct with great judgment and military knowledge. Generals Thomieres and Ferret were killed on the spot. General Desgraviers died of his wounds, after having been taken by the allies.

The "Army of Portugal," previous to the action, was composed of eight divisions of infantry, a large body of cavalry, and upwards of one hundred pieces of cannon—a force much superior in numbers to that of the allies. Lord Wellington had under his immediate command seven divisions of infantry, the

unattached Portuguese brigades of Generals Pack and Bradford, the Spanish corps of Don Carlos de España, about two thousand cavalry, and from fifty to sixty pieces of cannon: of this force four divisions of infantry, the Portuguese brigades, and part of the cavalry only were engaged; at the close of the action, the light, 1st, and 7th divisions were entire, and ready to move against the flying enemy.

General Le Merchant was the only officer of his rank that fell on the part of the allies; but among the wounded were numbered Marshal Sir William Beresford, Sir Stapleton Cotton, and General Cole. General Victor Alten had been wounded during the skirmish on the height of Nuestra Señora de la Peña in the morning.

The events I have thus very superficially detailed, were of an importance quite disproportioned even to the great occasion itself; and in contemplating the incalculable advantages to be derived from so decisive a victory, particularly in a war of opinion such as then agitated the Peninsula, one of the most striking features is, the pre-eminent station in which it at once placed Lord Wellington: distinguished as he had ever been, there yet remained to be established the climax that annihilated all criticism of his actions, and placed him deservedly beyond the

reach of mistrust. Previous to the battle of Salamanca, there were persons highly talented, and of sound military acquirement, that supposed the campaign might have been better conducted, and who murmured at the vacillating policy, which, without a blow, led back a brilliant army from the Duero to the Tormes. Salamanca put an end to all these dreams, and, by producing unlimited confidence, enabled the great commander of the allied army to become unshaken by reverses that circumstances, over which he had no control, subsequently rendered inevitable, and to carry with him the full tide of success only to be secured by that feeling, and made irresistible by that impression.

The 22d of July had been an anxious day in the town of Salamanca. Early in the morning the firing towards Calvarassa de Ariba gave the inhabitants hopes that the armies were engaged; but as the day advanced, and the sound of artillery and musketry became closer, and evidently approaching the Cuidad Rodrigo road, despondency took possession of the minds of those most deeply interested; the heights near the town, and the roofs of its most lofty buildings, were crowded with persons watching the progress of events, which for hours previous to the serious commencement of the battle, wore to them a disastrous

aspect; but when the fire became loud and incessant, and gradually more distant from the town, exultation and presages of victory and deliverance succeeded to the recently gloomy prospect of affairs.

General Leith and myself remained the night of the battle in the village of Las Torres, and were the following day conveyed to Salamanca, where we became residents in the house of the Marques Escalla.

The gratitude of the inhabitants of Salamanca on this occasion was not confined to empty expressions, or wild ebullitions of patriotic feeling, but far more substantially and usefully evinced by sincere and zealous exertion to provide for the wants of the wounded, and assistance in furnishing the large hospitals, of necessity established after such an action, with every requisite for the comfort of their deliverers, as they designated the troops of the allied army.

The captured cannon, trophies of the victory, were parked in the Plaza, where were also assembled the column of prisoners, previous to their being marched for the frontier.

Guitars sounded in the streets, patriotic sequidillas were composed and sung, the lively noise of castanets proclaimed the progress of the fascinating bolero. The town exhibited an appearance of the gayest carnival. The wounded being removed from

public view, formed no visible contrast to the enlivening scene. The sound of artillery, and note of war, no longer struck upon the ear; boasted achievements, and comparisons between the British and French nations, interspersed with anecdotes alike romantic and improbable, occupied the Spanish population. To have heard what was passing, or observed the feeling expressed, a spectator must have supposed that the great crisis was past; all oppression or exaction at an end, and Salamanca for ever freed from the presence of the detested French.

The whole night of the battle of Salamanca, the enemy's army continued its flight in the utmost possible confusion. No adequate arrangement to soften the effects of so unexpected and rapid a discomfiture had been made; nor were the circumstances of the war, the line of retreat over so considerable a river as the Tormes, or the probable chance of effecting it unobstructed, likely to produce order or self-possession in the French army;—an army great under events of successful warfare, but too calculating, and, during the imperial government, too self-confident, to be easily controlled or directed when misfortune occurred, and when the "sauve qui peut" principle was in such activity as on the occasion above narrated.

When arrived at Alba de Tormes, all accounts agree in representing its complete disorganization. It was a mass of fugitives rather than an army, the men having lost their officers: regiments intermixed; many soldiers without arms; all having but one object, that of removal, with the utmost celerity, from the field of battle. The first intention of the general commanding evidently was, to fall back on the "Army of the Centre" led by the king, and advancing from the capital. With this view, the shattered "Army of Portugal" pursued the route to Arevalo. But having received information of Joseph's retreat, which was the instantaneous consequence of his being made acquainted with the result of the action, General Clausel altered his line. Branching off from his intended route, he entered upon the Camino-real, leading from Madrid to Valladolid, and proceeding directly for the Duero, crossed that river at Tudela: from thence he continued on the road to Aranda, still hoping to form a junction with the troops from Madrid; but, disappointed in that expectation, the defeated army, abandoning its hospitals at Valladolid, precipitately retired upon Burgos.

Having thus driven the army immediately opposed to him from the field, and rendered it incapable of speedily resuming an offensive attitude,

Lord Wellington resolved to move towards the south, where the army of the centre, numerically weak, and unsupported by any other force, could neither check his progress, nor prevent his victorious troops from obtaining possession of the capital, and the temporary control over a large portion of the Spanish territory. Joseph Bonaparte, aware of the fatal disaster that had befallen the numerous and highly effective army he meditated to reinforce, lost no time in retracing his steps; and having passed the Puerta de Guadarama, again appeared in Madrid.

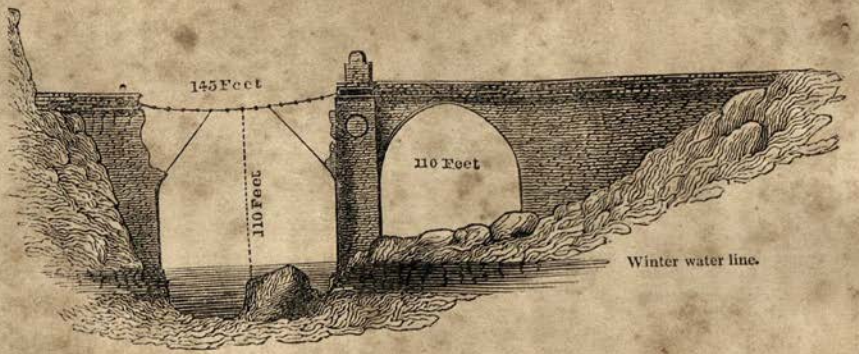
General Clinton, with the 6th division, and some of the battalions most reduced in numbers during the progress of the campaign, were stationed at Cuellar, to hold in check the remains of the Duke of Ragusa's army, while the main body of the allies marched towards the centre of the country. Lord Wellington arrived at San Ildefonso on the 9th, and on the two following days, crossed the mountain passes of Guadarama and Naval Serrada, descending like a torrent on the plains of New Castille.

On the night of the 11th of August, after reconnoitring the allied army, and ascertaining its force to be disproportioned to what they could possibly present effectual resistance to, the soi-disant king, and his major-general, Marshal Jourdan, quitted Madrid,

marching on Aranjuez, after placing two thousand men in the fort constructed in the grounds of the ruined palace of the Retiro.

The garrison, although well provisioned and appointed, was committed to a certain sacrifice. No French engineer could have doubted the impossibility of the fort holding out for any length of time, even against the means Lord Wellington could bring against it: being relieved was not within the reach of probability. It remains therefore to be accounted for, on what principle the French officers in command determined to compromise so considerable a body of excellent soldiers, without any apparent advantage to be gained by pursuing a system which, in the forts at Salamanca, under much more favourable circumstances, had proved fallacious.

On the morning of the 14th, the Retiro surrendered, when one hundred and eighty-nine pieces of cannon, two thousand and fifty-five officers and privates, nine hundred barrels of powder, twenty thousand stand of arms, above two millions of musket-ball cartridges, and two eagles, were captured by the allies. A very considerable depot of cables and cordage of every description was also found within the work, and in the grounds of the Casa del Campo. It was determined to employ these materials in re-



BRIDGE OVER THE TAGUS AT ALMARAZ.

pairing the bridge of Almaraz, in a manner similar to that previously adopted at Alcantara. The fractured arch of the former being of much greater span, it consequently made the successful application of this mode of repair more decided, giving at the same time to the ingenious work a more extended character. The chasm to be passed by the rope-repair at Almaraz was one hundred and forty-three feet. The net-work was completed in the new museum at the Retiro, under the superintendence of Captain Todd, of the Royal Staff corps.

The reception of Lord Wellington and his army in the metropolis of Spain was, as might have been expected, extremely cordial and enthusiastic. The authorities of the city, supported by the unanimous voice of the population, considered the Palacio Nuevo as the only becoming residence for the British general, and to it he was escorted amidst the cheers and benedictions of the people.

A few short years had, in this volcanic period, occasioned a rapid and singular change in the ruling inmates of the palace of the Spanish monarchy. The weak, good-natured, and prejudiced Carlos IV., the intriguing, dissolute, and selfish Maria Louisa, the erring, vulgar, and ignorant Prince of Peace, retired from the scene to be succeeded by Joseph Bonaparte,

alike incapable, under any circumstances, of conducting the affairs of this great country, as he was of conquering the undivided allegiance of his subjects. To replace his brother on the throne, after the battle of Baylen and subsequent events had occasioned his absence from the capital, the Emperor Napoleon visited Madrid, and the apartments of the Palacio Nuevo were momentarily subjected to his eagle glance. For nearly four years after this memorable visit, Joseph preserved a semblance of royalty, and passed the greater portion of his time at Madrid. The battle of Salamanca again occasioned his abrupt removal from the capital, and the distinguished commander of the allied army for a short period inhabited the palace of the Bourbons.

The effects of the recent victory were speedily demonstrated by the alteration of circumstances attending the enemy's troops in every part of the Spanish territory. It had shaken the whole fabric of French domination to its very base; nor did the power of Napoleon in the Peninsula ever recover from the shock.

The siege of Cadiz raised, the army of the Duke of Dalmatia on its march to the north, the Andalusias liberated, the army of Cataluña and Valencia paralyzed, the guerilla force tripled,—all resulted

from the successful termination of that important battle. But the times were not those of lassitude or inactivity; and before Marshals Soult and Suchet had recovered from the astounding information that Lord Wellington was in possession of the capital and the whole centre of the country, he was again on his way to Old Castille, there to oppose the reinforced "Armies of Portugal" and "of the North," and lay siege to the castle of Burgos. On the 17th, 18th, and 19th of the month, four divisions of the army, namely, the 1st, 4th, 5th, and 7th, marched from Madrid to the *Escorial*; the light and 3d divisions, with part of the cavalry, continuing quartered in the capital and its vicinity. Having left General Cole, with his division, in New Castille, the 1st, 5th, and 7th divisions crossed the Guadarama, and proceeded on their route to Cuellar, where, having formed a junction with General Clinton, the whole force moved towards Burgos.

Sir Rowland Hill received orders to march on Toledo, by which movement a large force became concentrated on the Tagus, covering the approach to the capital from the southern parts of Spain.

General Leith left Salamanca on the 19th, taking the route to Lisbon. During his absence from the army, I determined to continue in Spain, and to

solicit service as formerly; when acting with the Spanish army, I had procured information of the enemy's motions in Estremadura. Lord Wellington consented to employ me, and I only awaited restoration from the effects of the wound received at Salamanca to proceed in any direction he might be pleased to consider my presence of the slightest utility.

Accompanied by staff-surgeon Emery, who had received orders to proceed for Madrid, I left Salamanca on the 24th of August, travelling in a berlina of the most cumbrous and uneasy description, but drawn by powerful and active mules. We had secured this conveyance for the whole journey; and being still unable to mount on horseback, without difficulty, this was the only means by which, for some time, I could have removed from the dulness of Salamanca. Having halted, on the evening of our departure, at Ventosa, we next day passed through Peñaranda—a considerable town, in which the principal building, formerly the residence of the Duques de Frias, had been converted into a cavalry barrack by the French army. After a very sultry day we arrived at Fontiveros,—and on the 26th partook of the hospitality of the Cura of Blascho Sancho, whose house had been the temporary residence of Joseph Bonaparte, when he received information of

Marshal Marmont having been defeated, and from whence he commenced his retrograde movement on Madrid.

After passing the Venta of Almarza, we entered the Camino-real. At the summit of an ascent several miles in length is Labajos, a large village; the country from Salamanca to Labajos is bare and uninteresting: neither woods nor vineyards vary the uninterrupted level, on which the cornfields, after the harvest, become parched by the excessive heat, presenting to the traveller an appearance of an arid and unproductive district.

The next village of importance on this route is Villacastin; from thence we slowly prosecuted our journey, arriving in the evening at Las Navas de San Antonio, where the ravages of French visitation were even more than ordinarily visible. On the morning of the 28th we reached the Fonda de San Rafael, romantically situated at the entrance to the Guadarama pass. The scenery there becomes very beautiful, the mountains assuming the boldest and most picturesque forms, the effect of which is greatly improved by their being clothed to the summits by forests of pines.

The fonda, or inn, formerly one of the stages of the royal family in their journeyings to the north, was

now much dilapidated and destroyed. It evidently had been the most extensive and respectable establishment of its kind I had yet seen in Spain, but now presented a very ruinous and decayed aspect. Immediately after leaving the fonda, the road commences a gradual ascent, winding up the face of the mountain, until, arriving at the lion on its summit, the widely extended plains of New Castille appear in view, and Madrid is seen in the distance. It is difficult to conceive more beautiful mountain-scenery than the sierra presents in crossing the pass.

The descent to the southward is more steep and precipitous than that towards Old Castille, but the same wild luxuriant scenery gives interest to the route, which winds amongst stupendous rocks, under the shade of chestnut and oak-trees of gigantic growth. At the foot of the mountain stands the village of Guadarama, and to the right, at the distance of a mile, is situated the convent palace of the Escorial. A league in advance of Guadarama we left the Camino-real, and struck into the Segovia road, on which is the Fonda de la Trinidad—in ruins, but the post-house afforded us shelter for the night.

The country from La Trinidad to the capital is cultivated, but without wood, until near the Pardo, when woods, in great luxuriancy of foliage, line the

road to the gates of Madrid. For a league, previously to entering the city, the approach passes between walls, and is ornamented by trees of great magnitude: on its right runs the river Manzanares.

Madrid had undergone great and to be regretted changes since I formerly visited it: the inhabitants now comprised a class of persons perfectly distinct from those most distinguished in the days when the Bourbon court passed most of the year in uninterrupted sameness within its walls. Most of the grandees had fled on the approach of the French armies, and those who, espousing an opposite line of policy, had adhered to the fortunes of the French dynasty, had also left the capital, as the natural consequence of the reverse it had recently experienced; with few exceptions, therefore, the higher orders of Spanish society no longer graced it with their presence: it had consequently ceased to exhibit in the saloons, and on the Prado, the highly aristocratic appearance which distinguished the city in 1808.

Of the few great families continuing to reside in Madrid, on the entrance of the allies in 1812, that of the Conde de Rivella Gigida was eminent for amiability and superiority of style. The Condessa, representative of a very distinguished family, had confer-

red by marriage the dignity of a grandee on the provincial Marques de Cañallejas.

Don Carlos España had, on the entrance of the allies, been appointed governor of the city—a situation, under the circumstances, of very considerable difficulty, and in the exercise of which few persons could have given satisfaction. Intrigue, jealousy, and distrust, on the part of the Spaniards, rendered, in his instance, the distinction very unenviable: so many conflicting events, tending to harass and annoy a soldier taken from the ranks of his profession to exercise at the time so vexatious an authority, worked on a mind naturally irritable; and I am satisfied no period of Don Carlos's life was ever considered by him less congenial to his feelings, than that which he passed in the house of the Marques de St Iago as governor of Madrid.

Lord Wellington left the capital on the 1st of September, and the head-quarters were at Valladolid on the 9th. The army of Portugal, reinforced, and, in some measure, again restored to an effective state, had, during the absence of the allies in New Castille, made several advances towards the cantonments of General Clinton, but without attempting any serious attack; and upon receiving intelligence of the divisions from the capital having formed a junction

with the 6th, it fell back, offering no resistance to the direct and undisputed march of the British general upon Burgos.

From the period of the allies obtaining possession of the capital to Lord Wellington's leaving it for the north, no French force of any description approached to disturb the quarters of the army in that city.

Joseph, with the "Army of the Centre," lingered on the left bank of the Tagus, from the evacuation of Madrid to the 16th of August, on which day he marched from Ocaña, taking the route of Valencia, then the head-quarters of the Marshal Duke of Albufera.

By the division of his force, and leaving so large a portion of it in New Castille, as also the subsequent movement of Sir Rowland Hill on Toledo, Lord Wellington ensured either the retaining possession of Madrid, or occasioning the liberation of the whole southern territory of the Peninsula by the removal of the armies holding it in subjection,—these now forming the only force in Spain capable of effectually driving back the allies, and thereby restoring for a short period the centre of the kingdom to the sway of Joseph Bonaparte. In either case, great advantage to the general cause must ensue, and the movement most likely to be decided on by the French

generals, and which they afterwards carried into execution, was probably, although attended with the retreat of the allies, that most conducive to the final success of the war. Andalusia, by the talent and exertions of the Duke of Dalmatia, had been more universally reduced to subjection, and was less inclined to dispute the point of French domination, than any other part of Spain. His arrangements for its civil government were daily becoming matured, and Seville represented, at the time of the battle of Salamanca, more the seat of a viceroy, than the quarters of an enemy's general. All these advantages, every exertion he had made permanently to fix the people in their allegiance to the brother of the idol of the French army, were at once to be foregone. Seville was abandoned; the siege of Cadiz raised; battering artillery destroyed, and the army of the south, loaded with spoils, reluctantly moved, in conjunction with the king and Marshal Suchet; to outnumber the allied force on the Tagus and the Manzanares, and compel it to resign the great advantages derived in a war of opinion from the influence attached to the British being in possession of the capital.

While these extensive preparations were completing in the south, we remained quiet and undis-

turbed at Madrid. A numerous and formidable army was there and in its neighbourhood assembled, composed of the light division, the second, under the orders of General Chowne, the 3d, commanded by General Pakenham, the 4th, by General Cole. The Portuguese division of General Hamilton, Sir William Erskine's division of cavalry, the Spanish force, and the British troops from Cadiz, commanded by Colonel Skerrett, were daily expected.

At Palencia, on his route to the north, Lord Wellington was joined by the army of Gallicia, commanded by General Castaños; and on the 9th of September he entered Burgos. The castle, well situated for defence, had been fortified with considerable care and ingenuity, but was not a work calculated to resist a regular force if accompanied by the adequate means for reducing it. So much impressed with this idea was General Souham, that, previously to leaving Burgos, he asked General Dubreton, the newly-appointed governor, whether he could hold out for ten days, and his answer was one of a very doubtful nature.

The artillery provided for the siege of the castle of Burgos, was the same that had been in battery against the forts at Salamanca; and if defective in numbers and force upon the former occasion, it be-

came doubly insufficient when brought against a much more formidable work, ably, resolutely, and skilfully defended.

The extreme hardships endured by the troops conducting the siege, the severe loss therein sustained, the numerous instances of devotion and gallantry displayed, have been so often and fully detailed by eye-witnesses to the facts, that I shall not attempt a connected recapitulation of the events which occurred in the course of the persevering efforts made to reduce the place. The weather, during the sojourn of the allies before Burgos, was unfavourable to a degree; rain, accompanied by violent gales of wind, continued to obstruct and annoy the troops, exposed at the same time to a galling and constant fire.

The operations of the siege were confided to the 1st and 6th divisions, under the orders of Generals Campbell and Clinton, with the Portuguese brigades of Generals Pack and Bradford; most of the regiments suffered severely. In the various assaults, mining operations, escalades, repulsing sorties, and tiraillading, which took place, the troops displayed unwearied assiduity, and unceasing exertion: the loss was proportioned to the arduous nature of the service.

In attempting to carry the exterior line of the enemy's works by storm, on the night of the 22d of September, Major Laurie, of the 79th regiment, was killed, and Captain M'Kenzie Fraser, of the Coldstream guards, severely wounded.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 8th of October, the sortie took place, rendered memorable by the fall of Major Cocks, commanding in the trenches, and who, with his accustomed energy, had assembled the guard and workmen to force the enemy back into the covered way.

Long distinguished as an active officer of light cavalry, Major Cocks had commenced his career as a field officer of Highland infantry, in charge of the light battalion of Colonel Stirling's brigade, with great success and renown. On the morning of the 19th September, he drove in the enemy's advanced posts, and in the evening of the same day led the attack that placed the allies in possession of the important horn work of San Michael, which he gallantly carried with a loss of four hundred men. During the future operations against the place, previous to the night of the 8th October, no opportunity of distinguishing himself was permitted to escape; his name carried with it the assurance of service being

brilliantly executed wherever it became his duty to be present.

In detailing the events of the occasion on which the army lost this really promising officer, Lord Wellington has paid the following tribute to his merits. "At three in the morning of the 8th, we had the misfortune to lose the Honourable Major Cocks of the 79th, who was field-officer of the trenches, and was killed in the act of rallying the troops who had been driven in. I have frequently had occasion to draw attention to the conduct of Major Cocks, and in one instance very recently, in the attack of the horn work of the castle of Burgos, and I consider his loss as one of the greatest importance to this army, and to his majesty's service."

Colonel Jones of the engineers was severely wounded in conducting the arrangements for the assault of the third or outer line, on the morning of the 4th of October.

In his excellent work, "The Sieges in Spain," Colonel Jones mentions the singular difference in feeling occasioned from wounds inflicted by grape-shot, to those of any other species of missile used in modern warfare. After detailing what occurred during the night of the 25th September, he states,— "It was remarked here, as it had been on former

occasions, that a wound from a grape-shot is less quietly borne than a wound from a round shot or musketry. The latter is seldom known in the night except from the falling of the individual; whereas, the former not unfrequently draws forth loud lamentations."

On the night of the 20th October, the siege of Burgos was raised, the covering army retired, and the whole force marched in the direction of the Duero.

The "Army of Portugal," once more become effective and powerful, outnumbered the allied divisions under the immediate direction of Lord Wellington. The disposition of his force and that of the enemy no longer admitted of carrying on operations so widely extended; or of continuing so distant from each other as were the corps of the commander-in-chief, and that under Sir Rowland Hill. The object in gaining possession of the castle of Burgos, was more to destroy the great depôt for the enemy's "Army of Portugal," than from any importance attaching to the work itself, it being in reality of little consequence with reference to the general success of the allies. But although the French armies now had it in their power to transfer the scene of action from that part of Old Castille, and Burgos consequently became removed from the line of opera-

tions, Lord Wellington with reluctance abandoned an object, for the attainment of which the army had made such unwearied exertions.

On the arrival of the Duke of Dalmatia, with the "Army of the South," seventy thousand men were assembled at Valencia, in readiness to march, and recover possession of the capital. From the moment this great re-union of force was known at Madrid, the public mind became agitated; constant reports of military operations that never occurred, doubtful opinions as to the stability of the allied power in the capital, an anxious desire on the part of persons in the interest of Joseph Bonaparte, to witness the arrival of the French troops, all denoted the approach of more interesting events and unsettled times, than for six weeks past had agitated the numerous, divided, and, upon occasions, turbulent population of the Spanish metropolis.

The Duke of Dalmatia was, under these circumstances, the leader in whom the French party appeared to have the greatest reliance. The King, Marshal Jourdan, and the Duke of Albufera, were unnoticed. The question usually put, in a significant tone and manner, bespeaking a suppressed opinion that we had better prepare for removal, was "Unde esta Soult?"

Although the favourite marshal had commenced his march on the 15th of September, it was not before the 23d of the following month, that, united with the "Army of the Centre," he appeared on the bank of the Tagus. This loss of valuable time was in some measure occasioned by the spirited resistance of a small body of Spaniards garrisoning the castle of Chinchilla, which place it was considered of importance to reduce, before proceeding towards the capital. The arrival of the enemy's army occasioned the British force then on the left bank of the Tagus being withdrawn; Sir Rowland Hill, to cover Madrid, placed the troops in position on the river Jarama, having his head-quarters at Cienpozuelos.

The army, under his command, on this occasion, was numerous, and highly appointed in every arm. It comprised the Light, 2d, 3d, and 4th divisions of infantry, the Portuguese division, under General Hamilton, the Spanish corps of General Morillo, the cavalry of Sir William Erskine, and General Victor Alten's brigade of light dragoons.

Had the continued successful progress of the war permitted that a trial of strength should take place on the Jarama, nothing under a very powerful army could have driven back the allied force above enu-

merated. But events having greatly altered the course of the campaign, rendering the position of the allied armies in some degree equivocal, it became, in the first place, a judicious policy, not to permit an action being brought on in the neighbourhood of the capital; and, secondly, very problematical, whether, if it had occurred, Sir Rowland Hill was sufficiently powerful to resist the great body of French troops now collected, and opposed to him.

The reasons for raising the siege of the castle of Burgos appearing conclusive, and the "Army of Portugal," now reinforced, superior in numbers, and pressing on the allied force, rendering a change of operations necessary, during the night of the 21st of October, Lord Wellington crossed the Arlanzon, and at five o'clock on the morning of the 22d, the rear-guards were retired. This movement was so judiciously conducted, that the enemy was in ignorance of the final march of the allies from before the place until the evening, when his whole army, amounting to thirty thousand infantry, a large body of cavalry, including twelve hundred gens-d'armes à cheval, with one hundred pieces of artillery, passed the river, and advanced in pursuit. On the following day, the right of the allies marched to Torquemada, and the left to Cordovillas. The enemy's army pressed for-

ward rapidly; having frequent encounters with the rear-guard and the guerilla corps marching on the flanks of the allied troops. On one occasion, the partisan soldiers of Don Julian Sanchez, having been defeated, rode back towards the flank of the rear-guard of General Anson's brigade of light cavalry, and some squadrons of the enemy, following up in pursuit, intermixed with the British dragoons before they were aware of the immediate presence of the French cavalry This produced some confusion, occasioning also a delay, that enabled the enemy to bring up a superior force. He was charged by General Anson and General Bock's brigades, near the Venta del Poso, but without success. The British and German cavalry yielding to numbers and to the élite of the French army,—for the gens'd-armerie composed a considerable part of the force engaged,—were forced back upon the light battalions of the German Legion, commanded by Colonel Halkett. These regiments, being formed into squares, repelled the repeated charges made against them; stood unshaken, occasioning great loss to their opponents; and, as is generally the case when service is really well performed, suffered in a comparatively trifling degree themselves.

On the 24th, the army arrived on the Carrion, having its right at Dueñas, and left at Villa Muriel.

During the following day, the enemy crossed the river; but were attacked, and driven back by the 5th division, then under the command of General Oswald. Some Spanish troops co-operated in this attack on the enemy, and in the act of rallying a regiment that had given way, General Alava was severely wounded.

Don Miguel Alava, a naval officer, and nephew to the admiral of that name, who was second in command of the Spanish fleet at Trafalgar, had served, as is customary in the Spanish service, with rank in the army corresponding to that held in the other profession. He was consequently a brigadier-general, had long been at the British head-quarters, and enjoyed the confidence of Lord Wellington.

Brave, active, and intelligent, General Alava was a universal favourite with those officers of the allied army who were fortunate enough to form his acquaintance; his subsequent manly and honourable conduct, during the unfortunate struggles of his devoted country, give him an additional claim to respect from all those whose approbation can be worthy of acceptance.

The allied army crossed the Pisuerga at Cabezon on the 26th. On the following day, during a can-

nonade, Colonel Robe, a very distinguished officer of artillery, was severely wounded.

General Souham passed the Carrion on the 27th, forming his army on the heights near Cigales; on the 28th, he extended his right, manœuvring in that direction, and intending, if possible, to force across the Pisuerga by the bridges of Simancas and Valladolid. These bridges were defended by the 7th division, under Lord Dalhousie, who had recently joined the army, and been appointed to its command.

Colonel Halkett, with his brigade, encountered the enemy at Simancas, but being overpowered, he exploded the bridge, and retired. The passage of the Pisuerga thus secured from the enemy, Lord Wellington crossed the Duero on the 29th by the bridges of Puente de Duero and Tudela, both of which were subsequently destroyed, as also those at Cabezon, Valladolid, Tordesillas, and Quintanilla.

On the 30th, Lord Wellington placed his army in position on the heights between Rueda and Tordesillas. The enemy had worked diligently at the repair of the bridge, and the position of both armies made it probable that the future line of operations would be similar to that adopted by the allies and the army of the Düke of Ragusa previously to the battle of Salamanca. At all events, the British ge-

neral had secured his uninterrupted retreat upon Salamanca.

The day on which the army from Burgos arrived at Rueda, it was announced to the troops in or near to Madrid, that an immediate change of quarters would take place, and on the following morning, the whole, having passed from out the capital by the Puerta de San Vicente, moved, in one column, upon the great route towards the Escorial. During the halt, which took place on the 1st of November, I accompanied General Pakenham to visit the palace, the most extensive building we had ever seen, rendered more impressive from being surrounded with all the gloom of the wildest mountain scenery.

The Escorial, seated at the base of the Sierra de Malagon, forming a bold and rugged portion of the line of mountain embracing the chain extending from the Sierra de Avila to that of the Carpentanos, is very romantically situated: the venerable trees growing in luxuriance, and displaying their natural beauties, are in majesty corresponding to the magnificent edifice which they surround and adorn.

The desolation that had overtaken the Convent Palace, and the wild aspect of the neglected and deserted grounds, added to the solemn grandeur of the scene; nothing could be more impressive than

were, at this time, both the exterior and the innumerable spacious apartments of the ruined Escorial. The proud trappings of the Bourbon Palace; the rich and gorgeous spoils of South America; the decorations of the great convent chapel; the well-stored refectory; the splendid gallery containing the noblest specimens of the Italian and Spanish schools; all had vanished. The Madonna of Rafaelle, the Sebastian del Piombo, the Venus of Velasquez, no longer graced its walls. The mausoleum of the royal family alone remained perfect. We descended into this splendid pantheon, and stood by the sarcophagus containing the ashes of the emperor Charles V. The remains of the Spanish monarchs are deposited in urns composed of black marble, supported on claws of bronze; these are formed with great simplicity and plainness, the name of the personage whose ashes it contains being inscribed on the front of each in golden characters. The wantonness of French spoliation had not visited this grand cemetery.

Passing from the pantheon, we visited the galleries, the cells, apartments of state, the cloisters, terraces, the chapels, and spacious courts, of this immense edifice,—all had been appropriated to the accommodation of troops. Cavalry horses had occupied the lower portion of the building, while the

blackened walls and scathed floorings of the apartments, proved the frequent fires lighted within them to cheer the sojourns of French infantry.

On the 2d of November, the army from Madrid resumed its march to the north. The whole force had now been assembled in one column, and proceeded to ascend the Guadarama mountain.

At the Escorial, Sir Rowland Hill did me the honour to request I would act as his aide-de-camp during the progress of the retreat. I consequently joined his head-quarters, and accompanied him over the pass, arriving in the evening at Espinar, where he remained for the night.

The army continued its march during the 3d, without being molested by the pursuit of the enemy, head-quarters being established at Labajos. On the morning of the 4th, I was ordered to remain with General Cole, who commanded the rear-guard of the army, until he received certain information of the enemy's motions; and about ten o'clock in the forenoon, I left Labajos with intelligence of his having passed the Guadarama, and driven in the cavalry posts at Villacastin.

When Marshal Soult entered Madrid, and ascertained the recent movement of the allies, he determined to march instantly in pursuit, and so earnest

was he in urging this movement that he directed the "Army of the South" not to enter the capital, but, defiling along the banks of the Manzanares, that it should take the direct route for the Guadarama.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 5th, Sir Rowland, having received intelligence that the enemy's armies were rapidly advancing on his rear, ordered me to proceed without delay to the head-quarters of Lord Wellington at Rueda, and communicate to his Lordship the course of events on the Aduja. I was immediately on horseback, and from Villa-nueva de Gomez, passing through Arevalo, arrived at ten o'clock, after travelling a distance of fifty-two miles.

I found Lord Wellington inhabiting a very indifferent quarter in the village of Rueda, but, notwithstanding the reverse he had sustained, apparently in the same excellent spirits, the same collected, clear, distinct frame of mind, that never varied or forsook him, during the numberless embarrassing events and anxious occasions that naturally occurred to agitate a commander during the long and arduous struggle which he conducted with such firmness and judgment.

After questioning me on the local situation of the several divisions of Sir Rowland Hill's corps, and the points to which the enemy's army had advanced,

his lordship wrote a dispatch, directing me to deliver it with the least possible delay. Having been instructed by the general that I should find his headquarters during that night at Fontiveros, I posted by Medina del Campo, arriving at the former in the evening, after being absent fifteen hours, and having performed a journey of eighty-eight miles.

The weather, during the 6th, was particularly favourable. Cantaracilla became Sir Rowland's headquarters, and on the following day his army arrived at Alba de Tormes.

Never was a retreat conducted with less confusion, or more trifling annoyance from a pursuing enemy, than that of the allies from Madrid to the Tormes. The marches were not of excessive length, nor did the French troops come up with or harass the infantry; the rear-guards of cavalry alone were engaged, and that very slightly.

On the morning of the 8th, during a storm of wind and rain, the light, 3d, and 4th divisions, the guards, and Colonel Skerret's brigade from Cadiz, with Sir William Erskine's division of cavalry, defiled across the Tormes by the bridge of Alba. On the same day, the army of Lord Wellington from Burgos arrived on the San Christoval position in front of Salamanca.

General Hill, with his staff, remained during the

line of country and situation of the French troops. From the town of Alba, extending up the right bank of the Tormes, is one continued dense forest, as far as the eye can reach. It being possible, that under cover of this wood, a concealed movement might have taken place, and the right flank of the allies be thereby turned, Lord Wellington ordered me to proceed and ascertain whether any of the French troops had marched to their left, or crossed unperceived. In the execution of this service, he desired me to take a patrol of the 13th light dragoons, and, ascending the river as far as Salvatierra, cross over and come down on the enemy's bivouacs, in the direction of Alba, feeling my way, until the extension or not of his troops was ascertained.

At Salvatierra, the only intelligence to be obtained of the enemy was of a negative description, namely, that none of his troops had passed at, or near to, that place. I therefore crossed the Tormes, and, following a road through the centre of the forest above mentioned, advanced towards the village of Galinduste. When near to that place we met a peasant, who, on being questioned, stated that he had seen French cavalry there in the morning, but they had, he believed, since retired. As it was a matter of doubt, I considered it advisable, before proceeding,

to send him into the town, thereby ascertaining the fact. Not being confident in the integrity of the person thus employed, the moment he had disappeared, I struck off the road, desiring the men of the 13th to remain quiet among the nearest trees. If the Spaniard returned alone, of course we should then discover ourselves—if accompanied, we might penetrate into the recesses of the wood. In a brief space of time, the Spaniard again appeared, informing me of the enemy having left Galinduste, and retired in the direction of Alba.

From the alcalde, I learned that no French force had passed through his town, nor had any troops moved towards the upper line of the Tormes. This was so far satisfactory; but, determined still farther to ascertain whether any movement to his left had occurred, taking a guide from Galinduste, we pushed forward in the direction of Alba, without obstruction, or meeting any of the enemy's patrols, until arrived within two leagues of that place, and consequently at a short distance from the left of the French army. It was neither safe nor necessary to advance farther; therefore, in the middle of the night, I forded the Tormes, and, having left my escort at the quarters of General Long, rode direct for Sala-

manca, there to inform Lord Wellington as to the result of my observations.

It was reported, on the 13th, that the enemy was preparing to pass the Tormes by the fords above Alba; but during the day no movement to that effect was observable.

On the following morning, I was ordered to the heights above Carpio, there to watch the line of the river, and report the enemy's motions hourly to Lord Wellington: it was no longer doubted that he would cross the Tormes, and come on the right flank of the allied army. Upon arriving at the high ground, from whence what was passing in the valley became distinctly observable, I perceived troops crossing over. From that time, the French army defiled without intermission. Apparently, the fords were of a description not admitting of very rapid passage. The infantry moved across temporary truckle bridges, in single files; while the cavalry and artillery forded the stream a short distance higher up its course.

The moment Lord Wellington had ascertained the passage of the river, he marched the 2d division, under General Chowne, and all the cavalry within his reach, to attack the troops already crossed; but the force now arrived on the left bank was too numerous, and had become too firmly posted, to admit

of any impression being made by the portion of the allied army thus brought against it; and his lordship desisted from any serious attack, confining his operations to cannonading the columns of cavalry within his reach. The whole cavalry of the "Army of the South" had passed the river; General Bonnemain's brigade was on the right, and with it was Marshal Soult. The infantry were formed on the strong line of heights near to Mozarbes, and the undisputed passage of the Tormes, by the whole of the enemy's army, was secured.

Under these circumstances, it became absolutely necessary to assemble without delay the allied army on the left bank of the river. Orders were consequently dispatched to the divisions on the San Christoval position, and to the Portuguese brigades of Generals Pack and Bradford, at Aldea Lengua and Cabrerizos, to cross the river, and move to the ground near to the Arapiles.

The morning of the 15th dawned on the allied army occupying the field of its former glory. Sir Edward Paget, with the 1st division, was on the right at Aldea Tejada, near to the spot from whence General Pakenham and the 3d division marched to commence the battle of Salamanca. The 2d division, composed of ten British battalions, strong in

numbers and brilliant in appearance, looked forward with anxiety to a struggle on that field, where, on a former occasion, the rest of the army had been so successfully engaged. It was formed in line at the base of the Arapiles, and its ranks looked impenetrable.

Early in the morning, the commander of the forces and Sir Rowland Hill were on the heights, from whence an extensive view of the plain to the right and left is to be obtained: in front, the uneven nature of the ground, it being also partially covered with wood, obstructed the prospect, and concealed the enemy's position. Every thing appearing quiet, Lord Wellington mounted on horseback, and galloped forward to reconnoitre.

The morning had been tempestuous to a degree, the wind blew with violence, and it rained heavily. We were anxiously pacing along the summit of the ridge, a great number of staff officers being there assembled, awaiting the presence of the commander-in-chief, when, through the mist and drizzling rain, he was perceived rapidly returning to the Arapiles. The curiosity of all was greatly excited to know the result of his observation, and what probably would occur. Being with Sir Rowland Hill when his Lordship came up, I heard his communication to him, as also his opinion of the hopeless prospect that

any direct movement against us would be attempted. Orders were soon after issued for the removal of every thing from Salamanca, and that the army should march towards the Valmusa.

It is impossible to conceive more unfavourable weather for the commencement of a retreat; the roads had become extremely deep from the effects of the great quantity of rain that had fallen; nor did there appear the slightest prospect of alteration in the cold, damp, boisterous season that had set in. Notwithstanding, the army retired without confusion. That the change of circumstances, so rapidly produced by the French general's manœuvring to cut off the communication of the allies with Cuidad Rodrigo, did not occasion great difficulty, where the encumbrances of so large an army, and an extensive depôt, had to be withdrawn from such a town as Salamanca, and put in immediate line of march, proved the excellent arrangement of its commander. When afterwards with the French army, I was questioned by its officers, whether the removal from Salamanca, and suddenly decided upon retreat, had not been attended with confusion or inconvenience, and when replied to in the negative, they were loud in praise of Lord Wellington's qualities as a general.

Having crossed the Valmusa by different routes,

the allied army, on the night of the 15th, bivouac'd in the extensive woods on its northern bank. The troops were without cover, and drenched with rain. The following morning, the march was resumed; the enemy following with a large body of cavalry and infantry, but without attempting to make any serious impression even against the rear of the army.

On the 17th, the enemy's cavalry and horse artillery appeared on the heights to the right, and domineering the passage of the river Huebra at San Muñoz; from thence they cannonaded the light division, occasioning considerable loss. Towards evening, an extraordinary event occurred, namely, the second in command of the army being taken prisoner on the line of march between two divisions of the troops. To account for the possibility of this happening, it is necessary to describe the nature of the country through which the army was retiring. A broad and level road is, in most parts, conducted through forests of ilex, obscuring a prospect of the surrounding scenery, and presenting to sight only the dark foliage of the trees, or portions of the route extending from one turn to another, so that to travellers those persons within a very limited distance are alone perceptible. The extreme depth of the road, and inclement state of the weather, at this

particular time, had occasioned a space to intervene between the line of march of the 5th and 7th divisions; anxious to restore the compact order of the column, Sir Edward Paget proceeded to the rear of the leading division, and before he met the head of the next body of infantry, a detachment of light cavalry rushed from the wood, and carried him off, soon becoming lost to observation in its recesses. Had the enemy's cavalry acted with enterprise and judgment, these woods might have afforded opportunities of prosecuting more extensive annoyance to the retreating army, their motions being completely concealed until arrived close upon the flanks of the passing column.

The only occasion on which I have ever seen French troops press upon the rear of a British force, as if they were not restrained by some feeling of respect for those retiring, was at Castrejon and in the valley of Canizal, during Marshal Marmont's advance, previous to the battle of Salamanca.

The column under the orders of Sir Rowland Hill was, on the evening of the 18th, encamped on the banks of a rivulet near to the village of Tenebron. At daybreak on the following morning, I was on horseback, with orders to put in motion the 3d, 4th, and General Hamilton's divisions of the army; after

which, returning to Tenebron, I accompanied the general to Cuidad Rodrigo, where Lord Wellington had established his head-quarters. The retreat, thus concluded, had been attended with considerable hardship to the troops, not so much from the excessive length of the marches, as the particularly unfavourable state of the weather, the scarcity of provisions, and wretched quality of the roads, rendered, by the violent rains and the numerous carriages of every description passing along them, almost impassable. The soldiers, throughout the march from the Tormes to the Agueda, had been very scantily and irregularly supplied with provisions, frequently obtaining no other subsistence than that afforded by the chestnuts which grew in profusion during the whole progress of the route. Forage for the horses was also extremely scarce, and difficult to be procured. Although attached to the staff of an officer commanding a column of the army, when we arrived at Cuidad Rodrigo, the horses I had brought in the highest condition from Madrid were reduced to a nearly unserviceable state. Before concluding the memoranda noted from recollections of this retreat, the only one during the campaigns in the Peninsula that can be compared with that of Sir John Moore in 1809, I shall briefly state what appear to me the most stri-

king difference in their features, and may, in some measure, lead to a correct estimate of the relative dangers and hardships of each.

The season was decidedly more unfavourable, and the cold more intense, during the campaign in Gallicia, than in the close of that just narrated; but unusual severity of weather also prevailed during the latter.

The country through which Lord Wellington moved was incomparably more dangerous, more susceptible of affording scope for manœuvre and the harassment of a retreating force, than that from Astorga to Coruña; lateral roads branched off in every direction; cavalry could act in all parts of the country; there were no mountain positions to defend; nor were the flanks of the retiring columns ever secure.

The roads in both cases were excessively bad, but, from its formation, the flat country, and clay soil through which it was conducted, the one just travelled was the most fatiguing and least passable.

The marches in the latter case were never of an unreasonable length, consequently within the scope of the physical powers of every class of soldiers.

During the retreat in Gallicia, the troops were never so long without a supply of provisions as some

corps of Lord Wellington's army on the present occasion. In conclusion, Lord Wellington possessed two essential advantages; first, in the experience of his army; inured to campaigning, the troops had learned to neutralize difficulties, and instead of sinking under, to combat hardships. They had also, from habit and success, ceased to contemplate the French soldiers with opinions of their invincibility; and without questioning the proved bravery of Sir John Moore's army, it will not be denied, that in 1812, British troops learned the approach of the enemy's cavalry with very different sensations from those created in 1809 by the appearance of his hussars and chasseurs when galloping along the Camino-real, leading to Bembibre or to Calcabelos, not that they were then met with wavering or undecided conduct, but the practice of habitual warfare can alone make men view conflict with enemies either with indifference or as a familiar occurrence.

Arrived on the Agueda, the campaign was ended. The French army had desisted from pursuit, and the allied force was immediately sent into cantonments.

Sir Rowland Hill fixed his head-quarters, on the night of the 19th, at the village of Zamarra, where he remained until the 21st, marching on that day to Robleda, a town gloomily situated in a wild, uncultivated

country, to the north of the Sierra de Gata. On the 28th, Sir Rowland marched to cross the sierra, and descend into Spanish Estremadura. The road over the mountain pass is steep and rugged, conducted in many places between rocks, impracticable for carriages, and only adapted for foot passengers and the mules of the country.

The scenery, on descending the southern declivity of the sierra, becomes very delightful and picturesque; the town of Gata, situated near to its base, and embosomed in wood, although insignificant in extent or population, looks cheerful and prosperous.

In the valley advanced from Gata, elevated on precipitous and commanding ground, stands the ruined castle of Santivaños il Alto. Rising from the surrounding plain, encircled by the windings of a river, and surmounting grounds shaded by the noblest trees, there are few situations in any country more strikingly beautiful, or more dignified by natural advantages, than the castle of Santivaños.

On the 29th, we halted at Moraleja, and on the 30th, Sir Rowland established his head-quarters at Coria.

I have omitted to notice in its proper place the circumstance of General Ballesteros, actuated by feelings of jealousy, and dislike to the idea of foreign

control, having disobeyed the orders of the Regency, by which he was directed to consider Lord Wellington as General-in-Chief of the Spanish armies, and report to him accordingly. The first indication of his resistance was continuing inactive, instead of marching his army to harass the flank of the enemy, advancing from Valencia to Madrid.

That such a feeling could or did exist in the breast of many Spanish officers, alike ignorant and self-conceited, is not a matter of wonder; but that so intelligent and useful a person as General Ballesteros had proved himself, should permit childish personal feeling to obstruct the important execution of his duty, appears inexplicable. Had this circumstance occurred during times of comparative tranquillity, however much the disobedience must have been reprehensible, there might have arisen by possibility some excuse; but in the present case, not only to paralyse the operations of the army under his command, but endanger the success of a campaign, by deranging a part of the system on which it was to be conducted, bespoke a weakness and erring judgment, inconsistent with his previously distinguished conduct. This pertinacity was deservedly punished by deportation from the command of the

army of Andalusia, and imprisonment in the fortress of Ceuta.

Both armies were now in cantonments; the allies gaining strength, unmolested, and perfecting in discipline, in health, and equipment; the enemy constantly subjected to predatory warfare, harassed by civil and military enemies, daily reducing in numbers, with but slight prospects of reinforcement.

Thus the period of cessation from active warfare was attended with very opposite results to the parties soon again to engage in the great struggle, now in the fifth year of its endurance.

Lord Wellington's head-quarters were once more established at Fuenteguinaldo, on the left bank of the Agueda. Valladolid had become the principal station of the "Army of Portugal." Joseph Bonaparte returned to Madrid. The head-quarters of the "Army of the Centre," commanded by Comte D'Erlon, were at Arganda, his troops occupying the environs of the capital and the country towards Guadalaxara.

Marshal the Duke of Dalmatia, with the "Army of the South," cantoned in the valley of the Tagus and in La Mancha, had his head-quarters in Toledo, his advanced guard and light cavalry being station-

Drawn by Major Leith Hay

Engd by W.H.Lizars

VIEW NEAR PAYO.

ed at Daimiel, Almagro, Manzanares, and Villar rubia, de los Ojos.

During this period of inactivity, Lord Wellington visited Cadiz, for the purpose of personally communicating with the Spanish government, and to adjust the arrangements for prosecuting the successful and decisive campaign he afterwards made. In travelling across the country from the banks of the Agueda to Andalusia, passing near to Coria, he took the opportunity of inspecting various battalions of Sir Rowland Hill's corps. At Cadiz his reception was of a very flattering description; his entrance was expected with the most enthusiastic anxiety, the highest authorities of the country meeting him on his route, and conducting him in triumph along the ramparts that had been prepared for the uninterrupted passage of the cortège assembled to do honour to the British general. Accustomed, in their own country, and from the habits of the French marshals, to find a commander-in-chief placing much importance in outward show or gaudy parade, the Spanish regency and members of Cortes met with surprise the great leader of the allied army, accompanied by Lord Fitzroy Somerset, and one orderly dragoon! They had the good sense to form a still higher opinion of the man from this habitual sim-

plicity of appearance; his uncompromising mind, great military talent, and undaunted firmness of purpose, affording more substantial claims to respect, than are to be derived from the trappings not unfrequently displayed to withdraw attention from the vacancy or insignificance that reigns within.

The presence of Lord Wellington occasioned in the town of Cadiz an uninterrupted series of fêtes: the government, the army, the Spanish nobility, all were emulous to testify their respect and attachment.

The grandees of Spain, most of whom, the circumstances of the war, and occupation of their estates by the French armies, had compelled to adopt the town of Cadiz as a temporary asylum, gave a fête on the occasion, which was celebrated with unusual splendour. On that night, in the centre of the beauty and the chivalry of Spain, the Duque de Frias rose, and addressed the following Soneto, composed by himself, to the illustrious guest, whom they recognised with pride and satisfaction as the Duque de Cuidad Rodrigo.

SONETO.

"Vuelves, O Duque, a la sangrienta arena,
A la arena de honor, que al Galo espanta,

De la gloria inmortal morada santa,
Y de las huellas de tus triunfos llena.
Cierra, vence, destroza ; y en cadenas
Del Vandalo el poder hunda tu planta,
Ese torpe padron de infamia tanta,
Y el Aguila Imperial arroja al Seina.
En tanto empero que el pendon Britano
Por ti en el trono de las Lises brilla,
Unido al Espanol, y al Lusitano,
La ofrenda admite que con fe sencilla
Hoy a la faz del pueblo Gaditano
Te dan ' los ricos hombres de Castilla.' "*

TRANSLATION.

Thou returnest, Oh, Duke! to the ensanguined arena: to the field of honour, theatre of Gallic dismay, and of thy undying glory; on every part of which thy triumphant path hath left enduring, and hallowed traces. Close with the foe, conquer and destroy him. Low in the dust, let thy heel trample on the enchained Vandal's power, the patron of infamy and crime, and to her native Seine beat back the Imperial Eagle.

While for thee Britannia's banner, united with Spain and Lusitania's, floats with brilliant lustre over the throne of the Lilies, accept the offering of respect which this day, with unaffected faith and zeal, is given in presence of the people of Cadiz by " The Nobles of Castille."

From amidst these demonstrations of respect and attachment, Lord Wellington again proceeded to his

* The ancient designation of the Spanish grandees.

army, which was daily gaining strength, and in active preparation for the great campaign that ensued, and which decided the Peninsular war.

Sir Rowland Hill's head-quarters continued at Coria; where great sameness rendered this period of inaction very uninteresting: no excitement of any description occurred; day after day passed without the slightest variation of incident, the natural dulness of the town adding to the ennui of this tiresome life. At length, after having experienced the kindness and hospitality of the general for six weeks, I was ordered to La Mancha, to communicate information of the movements of Joseph Bonaparte and the Duke of Dalmatia.

The evening of the 7th of January I passed at Ceclavin, with Colonel Leith and the officers of the 31st regiment: crossing the Tagus by the Barca de Consejo on the following morning, and arriving at Brozas, the head-quarters of the cavalry division of Sir William Erskine; from thence, the route passing through Caceres, I visited the Marques de Santa Marta, and at Truxillo, received from General Morillo letters for the Spanish authorities, whom it was probable I should encounter on my route.

General Morillo, with all his roughness and his ignorance, was an enthusiastic admirer of every thing

English. Throughout the whole course of his various services during the war, he evinced a strong and marked feeling of attachment and respect for the troops of that country. He had raised himself from the lowest ranks by his enterprising courage and cordial exertion in forwarding every scheme or measure calculated, as he conceived, to resist French domination. He had obtained considerable authority over the division of Spaniards under his immediate orders; his courage was undoubted, his devotion to Sir Rowland Hill, with whom he had long served, unbounded. Under these circumstances, this officer, in most respects a very ordinary man, became known to the army, and his name identified with some degree of distinction.

General Morillo is one of those instances where an individual may hold a situation, giving a false impression of higher powers, when elevated beyond the rank of respectably exercising subordinate command, and placed in supreme authority. He alternately exhibited the harshness and iron hand of weakness, or the vacillating decision of inferior talent raised beyond its sphere, until, in the last expiring effort of his country, he descended to the insignificance from whence he had so adventitiously arisen.

On the 15th, I was at Guadalupe; at Castelblanco

on the 17th; the 18th, at Anchuras; at Navalucillas on the 19th, and on the 21st returned to Castelblanco, after having travelled over many intricate bad roads in the dreary mountains of Toledo.

Seated with the cura of Anchuras, and discussing the popular topics of the day, I had the satisfaction of seeing Lord Tweeddale enter. Tired of the monotony of inactive life, he had followed my path into the mountains, and in search of that professional variety in which he delighted, determined to dedicate a short space of time in wandering about the neighbouring quarters of the enemy.

On the 23d, we again returned to Guadalupe, a large and populous town, situated in the centre of the sierra bearing that name; deriving its importance from the extensive and opulent monastery, formerly the object of many a pilgrimage; and from its local situation, fortunate enough to have escaped the devastation attending French visitation to most buildings of a similar class throughout the Spanish territory.

The friars of the order San Geronimo, in number upwards of one hundred, are very richly endowed. The building is spacious; the image of "Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe," to whose shrine kings and princes, from most of the countries of Europe, have

for ages performed pilgrimages, filled the coffers of the convent; by the powerful influence of her assistance, encouraging others to adopt the salutary expedient of invoking that aid, which was never done without an offering proportioned to the means of the suppliant for her favourable consideration.

This celebrated image is placed in a recess above the altar of the convent chapel. The town of Guadalupe is very irregularly built, the streets dirty and ill paved, and the inhabitants of an inferior order; it has the appearance of being constructed solely for the convenience of the convent, and is the largest town I had yet seen in Spain of that description.

Having ascertained that Guadalupe was too remote a station to expect any very authentic information of the enemy's movements, we resolved to proceed nearer to the quarters of Marshal Soult's army, and, on the 27th, were at Alias; on the 28th, at Castelblanco; on the following day, crossed the Guadiana, and entering the province of La Mancha, passed the night in the village of Aguda; were at Saceruela on the 30th, and on the 31st, at Abenojar.

On the 2d of February, Lord Tweeddale and myself proceeded towards Corral de Calatrava, in which town resided one of those partisan officers, from whom General Morillo had been accustomed to re-

ceive information, and who was now instructed to assist me in learning the movements executed by the enemy's troops. When arrived within half a league of Corral, we received intelligence of its being occupied by a detachment of French cavalry, and consequently struck off the main road; and, directed by the Spanish captain Calvo, followed the mountain tracks leading to the castle of Calavassos, situated on an eminence overhanging the Guadiana. Having adopted measures of precaution for receiving timely notice of the enemy's approach, we became inhabitants of the castle for the night, and at daybreak, on the morning of the 3d, rode to a height overlooking Corral, from whence we could discover the departure of its visitors, who, about noon, marched in the direction of Cuidad Real. When they had sallied forth, we mounted, and entered the town; but were soon apprized of the reappearance of the enemy, and upon ascending a slight acclivity to the westward, observed about thirty of the enemy's chasseurs à cheval advancing towards the village at a rapid pace. They patroled through the street, and some pistol-shots were exchanged with those most advanced. Having questioned its inhabitants regarding the detachment that had passed the night in Corral, these horsemen again departed, adopting the same

route as their companions had previously done, and we saw them no more.

Distributed over the face of the country as the enemy's foraging parties evidently were, it became absolutely necessary to advance with caution, ascertaining the direction in which we were least likely to encounter the detachments of cavalry constantly in motion, at the same time hovering about the neighbourhood of his quarters, and thereby arriving at a knowledge of his precise situation and movements.

On the 4th, we arrived at Valverde, with the intention of penetrating still farther into La Mancha, but were informed by the alcalde, that the French were in Cuidad Real, which being distant only six miles, it was considered advisable to change our route, and, in consequence, continuing on the right bank of the Guadiana, we entered the large and populous village of Piedrabuena.

Resolving to visit Andalusia, Lord Tweeddale left me on the 6th. Arriving at Cordova on the 11th, I had ascertained the temporary departure of the enemy's troops from Cuidad Real, and having passed the Guadiana, entered that town on the forenoon of the former day. I was received with a restraint and ill-dissembled reluctance, that convinced me the French were not far distant; and to the Spaniard

who accompanied me it was explained, that receiving a British officer with cordiality would be reported by the persons in their interest immediately on the return of the enemy, which was confidently expected, and would produce, under these circumstances, effects of a ruinous character to them and their families. When made acquainted with this state of public feeling, I determined to remain a brief space of time in the capital of La Mancha. Having therefore examined the chief magistrate, and obtained, as I conceived, the requisite information to guide my movements, I rode to Miguelturra, distant a quarter of a league, and which may almost be considered a suburb of the former town.

Cuidad Real, seated on a level of great extent, in the centre of a highly-cultivated country, is a handsome town, containing a large population. The buildings are spacious, the streets wide and regular; eight convents, and an hospital for the sick, are within the city, which is surrounded by an old Moorish wall. In no part of Spain does the olive grow in greater luxuriance than in the vicinity of this place.

The province of La Mancha, one of the richest in Spain, produces corn, wine, and oil, in great abundance; it became, in consequence, a favourite quarter

of the French army, and had for months supplied the wants of Marshal Soult's army.

Piedrabuena, situated on the confines of the province of Toledo, and on the right bank of the Guadiana, was not only at some distance from, but also to the westward of, the usual line of country subjected to the visits of the enemy's foraging parties. I therefore remained in that town, making excursions in the neighbourhood, and employing the peasantry to procure information of any movements that might take place in the French quarters.

On the 14th, I rode to Fernan Caballero and Malagon; the latter a large and populous town, containing a Franciscan and a Carmelite monastery; from thence to Fuentel-fresno, seated at the base of that part of the chain of mountains of Toledo extending to the sources of the Guadiana, and on the 15th, passed through Malagon and Porzuna, on my return to Piedrabuena; but when near to the latter, was informed of an enemy's detachment having arrived there in the forenoon. I had therefore only left the alternative, either to retrace my steps, or pass in the dark near to Piedrabuena, and proceed to Luciana, situated at the confluence of the rivers Ballaque and Guadiana. Having adopted the latter expedient, and favoured by the obscurity of night, I followed a

route down the ravine between the town and the ruined castle of Miraflores, which being only removed three quarters of a mile from the French sentinels, was attended with some chance of obstruction. Fortunately we passed unnoticed, and at Luciana I found my horses and servants, who had made a precipitate and not very orderly retreat, on the approach of the enemy's detachment. It was composed of cavalry and infantry, marching with the sole object of levying contributions, which having effected, they departed, taking the route towards Cuidad Real.

On the 20th, I crossed the Guadiana, and arriving at Cuidad Real, learned that the French were in Miguelturra, much too near to admit of a prolonged sojourn in the former, which, at this period, was seldom many hours without a visit from some of the enemy's troops.

A Spaniard, placed on the Cuidad Real road to give me information, returned to Piedrabuena early on the morning of the 24th, with a report that a detachment had passed the river during the night, and were marching direct to the town. He was immediately dispatched on the line from whence he came, and others sent to the different routes by which the enemy could approach; but the short space that in-

tervened from receiving the intelligence to the appearance of the dreaded visitors, made it evident their vicinity had been from the first beyond a matter of doubt, and that the *vigilant* messenger had actually seen them previous to his primary communication. In a few minutes, the people were perceived running in all directions, in great agitation and alarm, while the cry of " Los Franceses ! Los Franceses !" echoed from every quarter.

The consternation of my host, Don Vencislaus, was extreme. The crisis was to him overpowering; his mind wavered under the circumstances of anxiety and alarm. Instead of being active in forwarding the removal of evidences that a British officer had been received beneath his roof, he bewailed the fate that awaited him; and I left him pacing from one apartment to another, apparently reduced to helpless childishness. His family, assisted by their constant visitor, the Sangrado of the village, showed greater presence of mind; and the moment I had departed, closed the front gateway, thereby occasioning some delay in parleying with the French officer, who was kept thundering for admittance until the apartment I had deserted no longer appeared to have been recently occupied. When, on the following day, I returned to Piedrabuena, Don Vencislaus claimed

for himself great praise in having effected the speedy removal of my baggage from French observation, and I was too happy in having it restored in safety to question the agency by which that had been accomplished.

After the alarm they had received, it would not have been surprising that this family should have expressed some degree of reluctance at again admitting so dangerous a visitor; but, on the contrary, I was welcomed with, if possible, greater kindness than formerly; nor was a repetition of the late scene either anticipated or dreaded.

Until the 7th of March I continued, with slight variation, at Piedrabuena, when, receiving information that the enemy had broke up from his cantonments in Almagro and its neighbourhood, I proceeded to that city.

Almagro is a very fine town, built with regularity, and situated in a beautiful country. Its inhabitants appeared delighted at the departure of the enemy; the streets were crowded with musicians and people dancing; guitars sounded in every direction, the sprightly "seguidilla" of La Mancha being in accordance with the cheerfulness that seemed to pervade all ranks.

The losses sustained by the Emperor Napoleon in

his disastrous campaign of Moscow, occasioned, at this period, the withdrawal of the Duke of Dalmatia and a large body of veteran troops composing the army in Spain; their presence being important in the ranks of the new levies that soon after brilliantly commenced their career on the field of Lutzen.

The Duke of Dalmatia, having made over the command in chief of his army to Comte Gazan, left Toledo on the 1st of March, entering Madrid on the following day, with a numerous staff and 8000 men. On the 3d, the marshal continued his route towards Valladolid; from thence, crossing the frontier, he was speedily at his master's side, on the plains of Saxony.

The great diminution in numerical strength occasioned by these drafts from the French force, made a concentrated movement necessary. The troops of the "Army of the South" were consequently finally withdrawn from La Mancha, and the whole of that fertile province relieved from the presence of the enemy. At Daimiel, on the 9th, I ascertained the march of the light cavalry in the direction of the Tagus. At night, having returned to Cuidad Real, the departure of the enemy from all parts of La Mancha being confirmed, and my presence in that province no longer of the slightest utility, I resolved

to proceed across the mountains of Toledo, and again come near to the quarters of the enemy's troops.

Having passed through Alcoba and Retuerta, after travelling a steep and intricate mountain road, I descended to Navalucillos, there establishing a direct communication for intelligence with the capital. This was carried on through the medium of the Madrid Gazette, the circulation of which to the provinces had not been interrupted by the French authorities; and on its margin, written with invisible characters, until subjected to the process by which they became legible, were conveyed the remarkable events occurring at the court of Joseph Bonaparte.

A Gazette received on the morning of the 19th, communicated the final departure of the Court, having taken place on the 17th, on which day, King Joseph, attended by the ministers O'Farrel, Urquijo, and Azanza, and escorted by his guards, several regiments of cavalry, with a numerous convoy of persons in the French interest, left Madrid.

Joseph departed privately by the gate leading to the Casa del Campo, and having, at the Puerta de San Vicente, joined the cavalcade there awaiting his presence, the whole proceeded to Valladolid, arriving in that city on the 23d. Upon ascertaining the

departure of the French court, I sent an express direct to Lord Wellington with the intelligence.

The "Army of the South" continued its movement towards the capital, and upon the 26th of April, the head-quarters proceeded from Toledo to Madrid. Every thing denoted want of confidence on the part of the enemy. The circumstances of the war became completely changed; nor was it possible for the Emperor Napoleon longer to bestow upon the Spanish struggle that incessant supply of troops rendered necessary by the immense losses sustained during the contest. The consequences of Moscow became felt on the banks of the Tagus: his armies no longer contemplated the possession of extensive territory in the Peninsula, but, condensing, and prepared to act upon the defensive, awaited the commencement of the campaign, which it was evident Lord Wellington would have the means of prosecuting with a numerous and very efficient army. After years of constant fighting and extremely harassing service, the French officers had become aware of the superficial benefit derived from defeating Spanish troops; the discomfiture of whom had equally ceased to create surprise, or produce depression, in the minds of the population. It was the universal voice of a great people exerted in resistance, and supported by the powerful aid and

countenance of Great Britain, with which they had to contend; in battling against whom, they had only conquered the ground on which their armies stood, when the whole strength of France, and the united force of a large portion of the continent of Europe, led by Napoleon in person, formed the tremendous instruments for subjugating a refractory people. Now, reduced in numbers, and harassed by the partisan warfare in active operation against them, they were assailed by a confidence derived from the slight success attending the protracted and strenuous efforts of the French Emperor to conquer the resistance of eleven millions of inhabitants, added to which, their opponents, possessing details of the fatal losses sustained in the Russian campaign, were animated and encouraged by the novel sight of troops returning to France, instead of pouring, as previously, through the passes of the Pyrenees, to aid in that coercion which the presumption of a great mind had erringly supposed could be applied with success to a people in arms.

The enemy's troops evacuated Talavera de la Reyna on the 3d of April; the vanguard and light cavalry of Comte Gazan's army were quartered in Bargas, Olias, and Mocejon. Not a French soldier remained upon the immediate bank of the Tagus, with

the exception of the 12me légère, and one hundred and fifty chasseurs à cheval that accompanied General Maransin, and still lingered at Toledo. There appeared a great reluctance in abandoning the fertile country in the neighbourhood of that city; nor were the French detachments within its walls without serious apprehensions of being subjected to attacks from the numerous guerilla parties that infested the whole country. To prevent the possibility of surprise, the gates at the bridge of San Martin, and that of Alcantara, were barricadoed.

For some days I continued to reside at Polan, anxiously expecting the departure of the enemy from Toledo, and receiving constant reports from that city of his probable movements. Secure in the certainty of no wandering detachments venturing on the roads in the neighbourhood, I made daily excursions to the heights, from whence the town was seen at the distance of half a mile; there the French soldiers were distinctly observed moving about, without being permitted to come from out the walls, and having the appearance of troops in a besieged fortress. Such was the influence produced on enemies' minds by the terror attending guerilla warfare.

At length, on the night of the 10th, General Maransin left Toledo; and at daylight on the fol-

lowing morning, I was on horseback; crossed the Tagus, and entered the city accompanied by the Intendant of the province, who had been for some days the companion of my wanderings, and had occasionally exhibited involuntary expressions of restlessness, with reference to what he considered the too close neighbourhood of enemies' troops.

Toledo, decayed in its importance, and greatly reduced in population, is nevertheless a noble town. Seated on a conical hill, its streets descend either to the banks of the Tagus, or to the level ground towards Olias, in the direction of Madrid. On the summit of the height, and conspicuously overlooking every quarter of the city, stands the ruined Alcazar, whose roofless walls, towering above all other buildings, and seen at a great distance, possess a distinguished appearance, beyond what is usually obtained by even the residences of princes when identified with the exterior forms of masonry contained in the view of a great city. The cathedral spire, the convent tower, or the domes of many churches, all appear beneath the eye; the Alcazar alone claims pre-eminence in majestic and impressive effect.

Erected by, and for years the favoured residence of, the Emperor Charles V., it remained for the French army to destroy this palace, the interior of

which was reduced to ashes during the campaign of 1809.

The cathedral is a very splendid edifice; its interior much the richest in florid decoration that I observed in Spain. Being the seat of the primate, all the ordinances of Catholic worship were in it performed with great dignity and magnificence. During Easter, I had frequent opportunities of witnessing the ceremonies, and have never seen any thing equalling in splendour the gorgeous and costly, the dignified and impressive celebration. It wanted a combination of circumstances to invest the scene with the interest imparted to that on a former occasion in the cathedral of Salamanca, but in pomp and richness it was infinitely superior.

The Cardinal de Bourbon, Archbishop of Toledo, had long been an exile from his palace, which became for months the residence of Marshal Soult, and from it General Maransin had the previous day taken his departure. Without any pretension to architectural beauty, it is a spacious and convenient residence, situated in the principal street, and nearly opposite the great entrance to the cathedral.

The inhabitants of Toledo expressed much satisfaction at the departure of the French, and, in the majority, apparently with sincerity; at the same

time there were many partisans of the unpopular cause, who, either really interested in the enemy's success, or doubtful of the part to espouse, preserved a sullen demeanour, but were alike harmless and incommunicative.

Having received intelligence of the events passing in the north of Europe, detailing the successes of the allied powers, and decadence of the French imperial influence, I considered it important to communicate to the inhabitants of New Castille, as extensively as possible, information so much calculated to inspire hopes of a successful termination to the war of resistance which they had so long waged with varied and doubtful advantage. For this purpose, having procured a translation of the most important paragraphs, a proclamation issued from the Toledo press, and thousands of copies were put into immediate circulation. They were read with avidity; and to prevent the possibility of a doubt as to the author, I dispatched copies in my own name to General Maransin, General Leval at Madrid, and to the head-quarters of the "Army of the South." So important did General Maransin consider the removal of the impression produced by the circulation of this document, that, upon his return to Toledo, he published an answer to it, endeavouring to contradict what he

was aware must have a pernicious effect in a country, only waiting for reverses to encourage a more general armament against him.

On the evening of the 27th of April, I was informed that the enemy was again approaching the town, and that I must prepare for departure. Soon after this unwelcome communication, clouds of dust appeared on the road leading from Olias: on their nearer approach, a detachment of French cavalry, followed by a column of infantry, became visible. On horseback, having the Tagus to protect me from being cut off by any of my enemies making a detour, and across which river there was no difficulty of effecting an escape, I remained a spectator to the movements on the plain. When arrived within about a quarter of a mile from the city, the cavalry left the column, and rapidly trotted forward to the gate. I then quitted the town, and passed the night at Polan. On the following morning, when on the Sierra de Los Palos, directly over Toledo, I received the proclamation of General Maransin, and having affixed a reply to several copies, dated them from the heights, and prevailed upon a Spaniard to place them on the gates of Toledo. This mode of life was extremely interesting. The constant sight of, and almost communication with, the enemy, pro-

duced excitement; while the fact of an officer, removed one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest troops of his country, being enabled to continue in safety close to the quarters of an enemy's army for months, proved the current of popular opinion to be decidedly in favour of the cause of which he was the partisan. On the 6th of May, the muleteers travelling the route towards Polan, informed me that the French troops were preparing for departure. Subsequent travellers from Toledo communicated the march of General Maransin, when I immediately proceeded to occupy his quarters.

During the absence of the French at this time, some of the minor guerilla parties from the neighbourhood entered the town, and expressed a desire to close the gates against any subsequent arrival of French troops. This proposal being made to the magistracy, a meeting of the junta of Toledo was immediately called, at which I was invited to be present. It was urged by some of the most influential persons, that resistance, without adequate means to render it effectual, would be attended with most pernicious effects, exasperating the enemy, occasioning hardship and distress to the inhabitants in the event of an entrance being forced; and also, that the partisans within the city were neither suffi-

ciently numerous nor disciplined to defend the town. The prudence of this view was evident; and it was decided not to permit any appearance of resistance, but rather to request the guerillas would, on an enemy's approach, betake themselves to the scenes from whence they had arrived to display their zeal and promised determination.

The quarters of the enemy's light cavalry being so near, few days passed without our seeing some of them moving about in the distance; but none advanced to the walls of Toledo until the forenoon of the 9th, when a detachment was seen deliberately marching direct to the gate. Previous to their arrival, it became evident they accompanied a flag of truce: numbers flocked to the parley, and the horsemen, having reined up without the walls, conversed for some time with the Spanish civilians that had presented themselves. Waiting, at the upper part of the town, the result of this visit, a peasant arrived in great haste, stating that the French officers had enquired for me, and, upon being informed I was in the town, had dispatched him with a request that I would come down and converse with them. This I had no hesitation in doing; and upon reaching the barrier, with difficulty penetrating the crowd collected, I checked my horse

close to those of two officers of the 2d, or Chamboran, hussars. Civilities having passed, I was anxious to become acquainted with the object of their visit, but it being made apparently from pure curiosity, and to ascertain whether a British officer really was in Toledo, I put a stop to the communication, bade them adieu, returned into the town, and they speedily disappeared on the route from whence they came.

On the forenoon of the 11th of May, General Maransin, accompanied by the 45me regiment of the line, and a squadron of the 5me chasseurs à cheval, again entered Toledo. I had become so accustomed to these "exits and entrances," that they produced slight annoyance beyond that of leaving agreeable quarters for others of a less cheerful description.

The society of Toledo had suffered essentially from the changes produced by the war; still it was not devoid of interest, and custom had attached me to the habits of a town where I had received so much kindness and attention. An intercepted letter from General Maransin to General Leval, communicated his intention of taking me prisoner with the least possible delay.

Not considering Polan very safe quarters, I determined to remove two leagues farther into the country; and having taken the usual ride to the

Sierra de los Palos, proceeded at night to Fuentelcaño, a country house, surrounded by wood, and at some distance from any of the principal lines of communication. Having left the Intendant of Toledo in this apparently secure retreat, I made daily excursions, returning in the evening, and by my reports, restoring that confidence in the mind of the Spanish functionary, which solitude and a lack of cigars had nearly destroyed. In returning from the heights above Toledo, on the 16th, I became so unwell as to determine me not to proceed farther to the rear than Polan. I consequently sent a messenger with the information to Fuentelcaño, and made preparations for securing, as it was hoped, timely information, should the enemy make an excursion in that direction during the night. An Andalusian, who had for some time been employed in procuring information, was stationed on one of the roads, while a Spanish sergeant undertook to watch the only other leading towards Toledo. These persons were instructed to advance a league from the town, and occupy heights from whence they, without difficulty, could, unperceived, ascertain the approach of any body of troops moving along the respective routes. Had this duty been either vigilantly or honestly executed, there could not have existed the slightest

danger; either of these persons might, without difficulty, have reached Polan so much sooner than a column of troops, that perfect facility would have been given to effecting escape. Relying on these arrangements, I retired for the night. About one in the morning, my rest was disturbed by receiving a communication of some movements on the part of the enemy, but not from Toledo, or in any direction to compromise my personal safety. It was past nine o'clock in the evening, when General Maransin became acquainted with the circumstance of my having resolved to continue for the night at Polan. He immediately resolved to detach and surprise me. In ignorance as to the force he believed had for some time been hovering about his quarters, and apprehensive of the neighbouring guerillas, he ordered an unusually numerous detachment to be paraded in marching order: it consisted of a squadron of the 5me chasseurs à cheval, with 300 of the 45me of the line. His aide-de-camp, Captain Acoste, was directed to accompany this *promenade*, and soon after sallied forth on the route for Polan. At the distance of a league from that village is a venta, or inn, whose inhabitants were secured, to prevent an alarm being communicated. This accomplished, the troops advanced until near to the town, when the cavalry left the road, and in

patrols closed the different routes leading from the houses; the infantry marched direct to the street forming the entrance from Toledo. Having secured the roads by which escape was practicable, the French aide-de-camp impressed a peasant from the first habitation at which he arrived, menacing him with instant death if he did not without delay lead to the quarter I had occupied during my frequent visits to Polan; and where, from the information received, he doubted not I then was. About two o'clock, a violent knocking was heard at the outer gateway, which speedily gave way before the force applied to break it down, and soon after the court was filled with French infantry. The house, although spacious, was but of one story in height; the windows were slightly elevated from the court, which, of considerable extent, was surrounded by a lofty wall. There could not for an instant be a doubt as to what had happened; the enemy's troops had succeeded in surprising me, and a last but hopeless effort at escape was the sole alternative. Extinguishing the lamp which burnt in my room, I locked the door, retiring into a chamber to the back of the house, the entrance to which I also secured, and attempted to force through a window, the only one in the apartment, which I had not previously

inspected, but which proved to be closely grated with iron bars. No other egress presenting itself, my fate became inevitable. The whole range of windows in front of the house gave way with a loud crash, as the but-ends of the French muskets were directed through them. I heard my bedchamber fully occupied, while noise, confusion, and loud conversation marked the progress of rapid and anxious search. At length violent blows, applied in rapid succession, completely demolished the door that obstructed a sight of their prey; when, perceiving no possibility of escape, I walked forward, surrendering to Captain Acoste, and at the same time making a request that he would order the soldiers forth from the house, and permit the completion of that toilet, which had been commenced under such hurried and inauspicious circumstances.—Having secured the principal object of their visit, the soldiers proceeded to the stable, and then to the dormitory of an English groom, the only individual accompanying me, from whence some of them returned, reporting their search to have been vain, and that he had escaped. This appeared very improbable, as any previous warning of the arrival of these unwelcome visitors was out of the question, nor could his unnoticed departure be accounted for, more particularly

after the house had become so completely beset by enemies. At length, some of the French voltigeurs, with much gaiety and laughter, produced the unfortunate palefrenier, who, in the terror of the occasion, had considered his mattress much better placed over than under his person: now brought forth, he soon recovered his serenity, and even smiled at the merriment raised at his expense by the volatile and laughter-loving soldiers.

The cavalry parties were now recalled, and the squadron formed in the street fronting where we then were. The soldiers, having returned from plundering the village, brought with them provisions and numerous animals of burden, which were collected in the court. The officers assembled in the room I had previously occupied: conversation commenced; we were no longer enemies; and in the course of two hours were seated at a substantial repast of viands prepared for the occasion, and to which ample justice was done before these warriors would move on their return. I was closely questioned on the subject of troops, whether I had any British soldiers in the neighbourhood, or guerilla parties, at my immediate disposal? These to me most interesting events had passed with a rapidity precluding much thought or serious contemplation of the reverse that had

befallen me; nor was it until we had quitted Polan that all the annoyance flashed in full force upon my mind. The French officers had treated me with great cordiality. Some of the soldiers, when removed from the restraint of their presence, were not so considerate, jeering me on the situation I had unwillingly obtained in their society, and, as the Spanish white wine elevated their already buoyant spirits, insisting on my unqualified assent to the fact, that "Les Français sont des braves gens." At my intercession, the French aide-de-camp prevented any further destruction to the house or furniture, and the unfortunate agriculturist to whom it belonged seemed to consider himself, under the circumstances, treated with considerable lenity.

The troops being again formed, we sallied forth, and amidst clouds of dust entered upon the road to Toledo. Mounted upon one of the animals taken from the inhabitants of Polan, and accompanying the officers at the head of the infantry, I commenced this journey, having previously perceived two officers of chasseurs on my captured horses, essaying their powers of action to the amusement of their companions in arms.

The detachment proceeded without halt or interruption to the venta above mentioned, where the

soldiers again regaled themselves, and where my thoughts became directed to the possibility of escape. Upon the heights, near to the city, the road is conducted between walls, bounding the orangeries of some villas belonging to the inhabitants of Toledo. It occurred to me as possible, by watching an opportunity, when unperceived, to leap one or other of these walls, and penetrate into the thicket beyond; but the escort were too vigilant to permit a chance of success in any such attempt, nor did I conceive it, under the circumstances, worthy of a trial, the failure in which would inevitably be accompanied by a shower of musket balls.

On our arrival in the town, I was immediately taken to the palace of the archbishop, and presented to General Maransin. His manner, at first distant and reserved, became softened by degrees, and restored to what appeared his natural and usual demeanour. The impression occasioned by the circumstances under which we had met, became removed, and in the course of an hour a conversation was in progress with all the appearance of confidence existing between officers of the same army, and long accustomed to familiar discourse. The general had for some time commanded the vanguard of Marshal Soult's army, had long served in Spain, and in the

commencement of 1812, was attacked by General Ballesteros, near to Cartamo, and defeated; the troops under his orders, amounting to about 3000, flying in the direction of Malaga. He had an appearance of intelligence and activity, was aged about forty, had the manners of a gentleman, and seemed not devoid of information. A baron of the empire, his military rank was that of "Général de brigade;" but under his immediate orders at this time, were the light cavalry of General Soult, (brother to the marshal,) consisting of the Chamboran hussars, the 5me and 10me chasseurs à cheval. The 12me légère, and 45me regiment of the line, composed the infantry of the vanguard, and the only French troops now on the banks of the Tagus.

Accompanied by an officer of the état major, I was permitted to pay visits in the town, returning to the palace at six, where the general was attended by several of his officers, and a very sumptuous dinner was served up. In the evening, the other members of his family having retired, I had an unconstrained conversation with the French baron. For upwards of an hour we paced along the spacious and elegant salon of the archbishop, discussing the leading topics, rendered interesting in the progress of the Spanish warfare, with a frankness that occa-

sioned my surprise. Whether it proceeded from having me in his power, and consequently conceiving that no detriment to the imperial cause could result from his open and candid avowal, certainly he was more communicative than either circumstances demanded, or our relative situations warranted. The campaign in Russia, the frightful sufferings of the grand army, the hopeless state of affairs in the Peninsula, the imbecility of Joseph Bonaparte, or the military talents of Lord Wellington, were alike subjected to the unreserved remark, the eulogium, and, occasionally, to the bitter invective, of the French general. A stranger, overhearing the conversation, would rather have supposed it carried on by officers of the same family, than by a person of rank in one army, and a prisoner brought to his quarters, after having instigated the inhabitants of the country to rise, and cut off the supplies on which the existence of the other depended.

General Maransin, without hesitation, admitted the difficulties and losses to which the French armies in the Peninsula were subjected; the faulty arrangements made under existing circumstances, and the improbability of reinforcements, at a time when the guerilla system was of all others most harassing and destructive. The departure of Marshal Soult he

considered an event much to be deplored, and calculated to have a serious effect on the *morale* of his army.

On the following morning, it was arranged that we should proceed to Olias, there to meet General Soult. At nine, I was at the palace, and prepared to depart. General Maransin ordered the horses to be led, and we passed on foot through the streets. Whether occasioned by the circumstance of a person whose presence had in some measure become familiar to them, being carried away in captivity, or some other undefined cause, the population of Toledo crowded to their windows, and the entrances of their houses. The general, surprised at the numerous assemblage, stated that he now saw its inhabitants for the first time. There was something allied to apprehension in the hurried step with which he escaped from the gaze of so numerous a body of enemies. When, without the walls, and mounted on horseback, he reverted to the scene, it was to descant upon the curiosity so unusually displayed by the great population of Toledo.

Arrived at Olias, we were conducted to the quarters of the colonel commanding the 5me chasseurs à cheval, and introduced into a large room, where had previously assembled General Soult, his aides-de-camp, and the officers of the regiment.

General Soult had neither a gentlemanlike nor soldierly appearance. Gross and unwieldy in his person, no prepossession of manner tended to remove the extremely unfavourable impression; he had all the look of a parvenu of the vulgarest and lowest description. After a déjeûné à la fourchette of the most substantial kind, I was ushered into the cabinet of the officer acting as chief of the staff, and by him informed, that, upon giving my parole of honour, I might become immediate master of my motions; that is, in selecting any portion of the French army with which to continue, either accompanying the 5me chasseurs, or, by proceeding to Madrid, partake of its society. It never occurred to the Frenchman that this offer would be rejected, consequently, when, from resolutions previously formed, he was made acquainted with the fact that I would not give my parole, he started from his seat, and without losing a moment, acquainted General Soult with the determination.

The difficulty which had notoriously occurred in effecting any exchange during the earlier period of the Peninsular war, had induced me rather to adopt the chance of making an escape than become bound by an engagement that, once entered into, of course precluded taking the advantage of any such fortunate

opportunity, were it to occur. It was with these views, and in ignorance of the harsh measures likely to result from refusing what had ever been considered a matter of usual practice, and of consequent indulgence, that I subjected myself to every chance of the most serious annoyance.

The first communication made on the occasion was, that as the only motive for withholding my parole naturally must be the hope of escaping, especial care would be taken to prevent success, and instant death accompany the attempt. An escort was then ordered; the officer commanding received his instructions, and I was directed to depart. In the street were drawn up about fifty of the 5me; a horse being brought and mounted, two chasseurs unslung their carbines, placing themselves on either side; an officer rode near; we were preceded by an advanced guard, and in this formation entered upon the level and sandy plains leading to Illescas. The officer in charge of the detachment, communicated to me, soon after leaving Olias, that in the event of the slightest deviation from the route on my part, the chasseurs, holding my bridle, were instructed to discharge their carbines into my body, and that if any guerilla party, either from accident or design, appeared to obstruct our passage, I was to be dispatched as a preliminary

measure. It is unnecessary to describe the anxious feeling with which I hoped and trusted that no partisans would cross our path; it was decreed that we should pass unmolested. At one part of the route, my anxiety became extreme; a cloud of dust, evidently arising from a body moving rapidly along the road, appeared behind us, but, on approaching, proved to proceed from a troop of the 10me chasseurs, dispatched, soon after our departure, to investigate into the progress of their companions, and whether the rescue they doubted not I anticipated had in reality been attempted.

At Illescas, on our arrival, were assembled the officers of the état major, and with them the evening was passed in courtesy and apparent cordiality. When the hour of retiring for the night sounded, the officer, having instructions on the subject, accompanied me to where, I was informed sneeringly, it had been arranged I should repose. The night was extremely dark. After passing through several streets of the populous town, we reached the corps-de-garde of the 12me légère, and, on entering, discovered a bed prepared in one corner of the chamber. The soldiers were strolling about, but evidently aware of the prisoner destined to come under their charge. Upon taking leave for the night, after wishing me

every comfort in this novel habitation, the officer, in bitter irony, added, that no doubt could exist as to my uninterrupted and secure slumbers, they being under the safeguard of the brave grenadiers of the 12me légère, who would not for a moment leave me. This mode of surveillance was persevered in until the 20th, when General Soult, arriving at Illescas, ordered an escort to proceed forthwith and deliver me over to the authorities at Madrid. At Illescas, during the short period of my remaining, I experienced great civility and kindness from the French officers, particularly Colonel St Laurent of the 10me chasseurs, with whom most of the time was agreeably passed. His quarter seemed the rallying point of many French officers. In it was constantly assembled a numerous society. The weather was brilliant, and in the garden was placed the superb band of his regiment. On one of these occasions, I had an opportunity of witnessing the constant terror in which the enemy's troops were kept by the guerillas. The colonel had passed the forenoon in shooting, and not returning at the accustomed hour, the anxiety expressed was great, the surmises as to what had happened, various, but the predominant feeling was, that he had fallen into the hands of guerillas. It was stated that nothing could be more hazardous

than the slightest wandering from the immediate quarters of the troops; that, sooner or later, his sportsmanlike propensities would occasion to the army a very serious and much-regretted loss. At length the anxiously expected colonel made his appearance, having seen no guerillas, and but few partridges; his uninterrupted good humour continued to enliven the society, and the evening passed very agreeably.

The impression made on these officers by the disastrous Russian campaign, the detailed reports of which had circulated throughout the army, appeared to carry with it an increased confidence in the prowess of the French arms, their misfortunes being exclusively attributed to the effects of climate; while the extraordinary military talents of Napoleon suffered no diminution in the estimation of these devoted and enthusiastic admirers. Accounts of the battle of Lutzen had just been received, but it remained uncertain whether the emperor had commanded in person. The details of that very important action were yet unknown in the "Army of the South," and by these officers it was conjectured that Prince Eugene, left in charge of the wreck of the "Grande Armée," had gained what they were led to suppose a splendid victory. This circumstance afforded an

opportunity for questioning the opinions entertained as to the character and acquirements of the prince, the answers to which were unanimously favourable. Disposed to attribute his rank and situation more to the connexion with Napoleon than to personal merit, I was met with decided contradiction. Eugene was declared to be equally distinguished as an officer and beloved as a man; his Russian campaign had been brilliant in the extreme, displaying courage and unshaken firmness; as to instruction, I was informed, "Il a fait toutes les belles campagnes de l'Empereur."

Subsequently written narratives of the days of Borodino, and of Malo-Yaroslawetz, prove these officers had formed a correct estimate of the gallant soldier, whose name, identified with valour and unshaken chivalrous fidelity, must ever adorn the annals of the French army. It will hereafter be considered not the least enviable glory of Prince Eugene, that under all circumstances of adversity, he evinced undeviating respect, he proved the devotion of honour, the imperishable principle of gratitude inherent in an amiable mind, and fought to the last for the expiring fortunes of the man,

"Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car."

Of their enthusiastic confidence in the Emperor Napoleon, the following may be considered as a specimen. Conversing on the continental wars, some events of danger or difficulty to the French armies were noticed, accompanied by reasons for the almost impossibility of extrication. Upon demanding an explanation as to the means resorted to in these disastrous circumstances, and what restored the position of the Grand Army, Colonel St Laurent merely said, " L'Empereur étoit là," conceiving that fact to embrace conclusive reasons for military success being obtained even under the most improbable chances of victory, or the most perilous occurrences of war.

It was on the 20th of May, that, having taken leave of Colonel St Laurent, accompanied by a detachment of his regiment, I entered Madrid; upon the Prado encountering the Generals Leval, Fonblanaque, and Vinot, nothing could be more repulsive than my reception, particularly by the former, whose countenance bespoke most indignant feeling. General Leval then commanded the troops in the neighbourhood of the capital; and being the senior officer present, he addressed me. The conversation was laconic on his part, not complimentary, and in substance as follows:—

General Leval. What is your name?

Answer. Andrew Leith Hay.

Gen. L. What rank?

Ans. Captain and aide-de-camp.

Gen. L. Is it you who have published proclamations against the emperor, and sent them to me by express?

Ans. It is.

Gen. L. Very pretty productions they are! I am surprised that an officer of a civilized country should have put his name to such things.

Ans. I am not aware of their being in any respect unworthy of a British officer.

Gen. L. These publications, sir, will cost you dear; in the meantime, you will go to prison, there to remain until your fate is decided.

This dialogue, unexpected, and certainly unsatisfactory, was no sooner concluded, than the general directed Colonel Prevòst, one of his aides-de-camp, to escort me to his quarter, there to write an order by which General Hugo, the governor of Madrid, might be directed in his mode of proceeding. We entered the Calle Alcala, and in the house of the Marques de Alcanizas the billet was indited, consigning me to the dungeons of the Retiro. In the low dark room wherein I was placed, were already confined ten Spanish prisoners of the worst class. Its solitary

window, closely grated with iron bars, admitted but an inadequate portion of fresh air. From this horrid receptacle, we were never permitted to go forth, and for three days I was subjected to the miseries attendant upon such a situation. The weather was at this time extremely sultry, adding to the annoyance that became almost insupportable. At length, repeated remonstrances produced a relaxation in the severity with which General Leval had considered it consistent with propriety to visit the sins committed against the power he knew to be on the wane; and on the fourth day after being immured in the Retiro, the adjutant of the place arrived with instructions to remove me, not to liberty, but to a less horrid place of confinement. Delighted to obtain egress from so disgusting a scene, I eagerly followed the French officer across the Prado, and through the Calle de Atocha to the Carcel de la Corte.* When placed in a tolerable, though gloomy apartment, I considered the change of the most favourable description. Previous to departing, Monsieur Dubois informed me that I would not be permitted to leave the apartment, or communicate with any person whatever, excepting my servant and the keeper of the prison;

* Prison of the Court.

nevertheless, it was a paradise compared to the habitation I had just left; and for three days, nothing occurred to interrupt the monotony that reigned within the walls of the spacious Carcel. Its keeper had resisted my repeated entreaties that he would connive at escape; alleging his perfect willingness, but well-founded terrors for the consequences. From him I learned the prevailing reports that the French troops and partisans were on the eve of leaving Madrid, which became confirmed by a visit from the adjutant de la place on the evening of the 26th, with an intimation that I must be in readiness to accompany a convoy destined to move from the capital on the following morning.

At daybreak on the 27th, a guard of infantry appeared at the prison gate, demanding that I should be delivered up to them; we then joined the column already formed, and moved towards the Puerta de San Vicente. No animal of any description had been provided to transport us, or convey the scanty supply of wearing apparel appertaining either to myself or servant. Remonstrances were vain; it was evidently intended that I should in every respect be treated with unusual harshness, nor was it a befitting time either to attempt obtaining redress, or to exhibit any outward indication of the annoyance

having produced a deep impression. An officer, at my request, permitted my servant to mount one of the baggage waggons of his regiment; and I proceeded on foot with the 88me of the line, forming the guard of a very numerous cavalcade that now issued from the walls of the capital. Madrid, on this morning, presented one of those remarkable scenes incident to the war; the bustle attending a march of troops being accompanied by the confused departure of a portion of its population, whose political opinions during the struggle now rendered it unsafe to remain behind. Persons of rank, forced from their hitherto comfortable homes, were intermixed with all orders of the community, and alike contemptuously treated by the French troops. Quantities of carriages, cars, waggons, or laden mules, were urged onward to join the cavalcade, while numerous groups of the remaining population witnessed these departures with silent but expressive contempt. One of the groups in the line of march consisted of my former companions in the Retiro, wretched in appearance, and some of them incapable of undergoing any great degree of bodily fatigue. Their lamentations or declarations of inability were listened to with stoical indifference, and the bayonets of the amused French soldiery goaded them forward on their way.

Near to the village of Guadarama the convoy halted for the night; the fields became covered with the motley encampment; women and children, that had previously never slept without the substantial walls of their habitations, now had to derive shelter from the vehicles in which they had travelled, and in which, crowded and comfortless, they were destined to pass the night. On the open field, without covering of any description, in the bivouac of the 88me regiment, I remained for the duration of the halt. On the 28th, we ascended the Guadarama mountain, encamping upon its summit; a more stormy, wet, and boisterous night I have seldom witnessed. The lofty and exposed situation in which we were placed, of course increased the comfortless feeling produced by the inclement state of the weather: even the French infantry, accustomed to campaigning in all its least desirable features, expressed their unqualified horror at the night. Unprepared to obtain either shelter or rest from being possessed of the customary habiliments under similar circumstances, and the ground streaming with moisture, I was constrained to refrain from a recumbent posture, and was also prevented by the guard from moving in search of a tree to afford shelter from the piercing wind or incessant rain. Thus circumstanced, the

approach of day was looked forward to with the utmost anxiety. A more comfortless or miserable night can hardly be imagined, or one more calculated to impress with gloomy ideas. At break of day, the wretched bivouac was abandoned, and the cavalcade commenced its descent towards Old Castille. Near to the Fonda San Rafael, General Leval, with his staff, passed the convoy, which pursued the Segovia road, while he advanced on that of Espinar.

Near to Segovia an encampment was again formed for the night; although in the open field, application to the inhabitants having produced some articles of bedding, affording shelter from the rain, which fell heavily, it was passed in comparative luxury.

The town of Segovia, romantically situated, must ever be interesting from many associations; its splendid aqueduct is one of the grandest remains of antiquity in the Peninsula; and the castle, seated on a lofty and precipitous rock, forms an object alike conspicuous and noble. As a state prison, it long possessed celebrity, and its walls have at different periods become the receptacles of misfortune, or of crime.

There is a gloomy magnitude about the castle of Segovia, which, added to its elevated and domineering situation, appears to have eminently adapted it for

the twofold purposes of striking terror, and, in most cases, ensuring security to the persons of unfortunates who too frequently became its inmates.

A portion of the romantic life of the favourite Duke de Ripperdà was passed within its walls.

The aqueduct, one of the noblest monuments to the munificence and taste of the Emperor Trajan, is composed of a double row of nearly 160 arches, extending across the valley containing the large and populous town. That of Lisbon is alone superior to it, either in extent, loftiness, or grandeur of effect.

General Hugo, the ci-devant Governor of Madrid, now commanded the troops escorting the convoy, which he evidently considered—that is, the Spanish portion of it—a great encumbrance: the contemptuous and uncourteous manner in which he treated his allies was manifested by a demeanour equally harsh and unnecessary. Travelling as I now did in the covered car of a Spanish family, and in the centre of the line of carriages, many opportunities were given for observing the conduct of all parties. To the applications of those under his protection, with the exception of his own immediate friends, the general was invariably repulsive, and frequently rude. Many of the higher orders of Spaniards seemed overcome

by the misery of their situation: on one occasion, when descending from his carriage to facilitate its passage over a rough and steep part of the road, I overheard a Spanish marques, with an expression of countenance not to be misunderstood, say to the ladies of his family accompanying him, that death would be preferable to the indignity and misery to which he was subjected. When, in the mornings, this motley assemblage was to be put in motion, unaccustomed to military habits, ill prepared for renewed exertion, and in some cases oppressed with sickness, the persons scattered over the plain were rallied, and urged forward by the threats or taunting jeers of the French soldiery. Whatever might have been their conduct, it was impossible not to feel for these people, becoming, as they were, expatriated for having espoused the cause of others, from whom they now received only opprobrium, and by whom they were considered with the utmost contempt.

Arrived at Cuellar, on the 31st of May, its prison became my residence; and the first house I had been permitted to enter since leaving Madrid. A more wretched habitation cannot well be imagined; its insecurity also so manifest, that a guard of infantry was ordered to accompany me, a sentinel from which remained constantly in the same apartment. From

the commencement of this march, not a moment had passed during which relaxed vigilance on the part of my guards, had presented the slightest chance of effecting an escape. When travelling on foot, I was kept close to the column of infantry; when in a carriage, it was surrounded by them; at night in the bivouacs, a sentinel was placed at my head; and when at intervals he dozed with his arms in hand, others were awake, or strolling about the remoter parts of the camp, to have given an immediate alarm. Prison walls were rendered doubly secure by being guarded, and all hope vanished of accomplishing what was the object of my incessant and anxious thoughts. On the 2d of June, after marching without intermission, except for very brief periods, during the preceding day and night, we arrived in the vicinity of Valladolid, but were not permitted to enter within its walls; and having crossed the Pisuerga, encamped on the right bank of that river. The main body of the "Army of the South," having passed the Duero by different routes, were assembled in the neighbourhood of the city: every thing bespoke the rapid and continued retreat of the French army. Two hours were alone permitted as the duration of rest for the convoy near to Valladolid, and at the expiry of that time the whole were again in motion. We

were now identified with the "Army of the South," and moved in conjunction with its divisions. The precipitation so evident in these movements, although attended with personal inconvenience, was too certain an indication of the storm overtaking the enemy's armies, not to afford a person situated as I was great exultation; and when in the bivouac of the 2d June, an immense train of artillery, accompanied by its ambulances, passed to the rear, I demanded, with no slight degree of satisfaction, where these cannon were directed, perceiving at the same time a despondency of manner in the French officers, as they hesitatingly declared it to be but the result of a change of quarters. During this day's march we passed through the populous village of Cigales, crowded with French soldiery, and then the temporary head-quarters of Joseph Bonaparte. Induced by the apparent magnitude of the town promising a plentiful supply, and being destitute of provisions, I sent my servant, mounted on a pony, purchased the day preceding, with instructions to return as expeditiously as possible; from that moment I never either saw or received authentic information as to what became of him. The frequent and various enquiries fruitlessly made, the length of time subsequently passed with the French army, the facility of ascertaining the

existence of a person of his class with our own, having all proved unsuccessful in gaining the slightest insight regarding his fate, adds to the probability of his having been robbed and murdered. A circumstance occurred during the next day's march, which had a most suspicious appearance, and tended to corroborate that impression. One of the soldiers of the 88me regiment, who had the day before fallen in rear of his company, upon again joining, without being questioned, informed me that he had seen my servant, and been directed by him to state that he would rejoin me on the following day. In the first place, he could not speak French; and secondly, being mounted, could without difficulty have been with me before a straggling and fatigued soldier; nor was it probable he would have sent any such message. No doubt remains in my mind of his having been put to death, and the soldier of the 88me an accessary to the fact. I regretted the loss of this man extremely; he had long been with me, remaining voluntarily and uncomplaining during the little-enviable period of existence we had just passed with the French army.

Prevented from visiting the other parts of the line of march, I had yet only obtained an insight of the habits and discipline of the French army, from

observing what passed in the 88me regiment. In marching, the French soldiers of that corps observed no kind of regularity, nor did the officers appear to consider it necessary to urge a constant attendance in the ranks of their companies; the men, intermixed and confused, left their companions, and straggled into the villages on the route, without interruption, or being questioned on returning. Occasionally, soldiers were absent for days, but invariably again appeared; and proved by their style of marching, that falling in the rear had been more a matter of inclination than of necessity.

Upon arrival at the different bivouacs, the soldiery appeared freed from all restraint, immediately in parties preparing provisions, or making arrangements for their individual comforts: no time was lost in parading. To a casual observer discipline appeared neglected, but when called into line, or to the performance of duty, nothing could be more orderly and regular than the demeanour of these veteran soldiers.

On the 6th, the convoy arrived at Burgos, and for a short space of time halted in the suburb on the bank of the Arlanzon. From thence I was conveyed to the prison, and received by its keeper with cordiality and kindness; for the first time on our

route the presence of French soldiers was not deemed necessary, and I enjoyed the solitude to which I was consigned, the more that, independent of the restraint, my accustomed companions had not been of a class I should have wished to select.

On the morning of the 10th I left the prison of Burgos, taking the route for Briviesca.

The French armies were now in full retreat, and it was understood that Lord Wellington was rapidly advancing. A sergeant of the 10th hussars, taken in an affair at Morales, joined the column of prisoners, and from him I learned with satisfaction the brilliant commencement of the campaign.

The Life Guards, and Royal Horse Guards, had joined the army; nineteen regiments of British and German cavalry crossed the Douro; the allied infantry, recruited, re-equipped, and perfectly efficient, was accompanied by a numerous and brilliant force of artillery; a practised commissariat, and ample means of transport, facilitated the movements of the formidable army now in progress to attack the weakened, and, in some respects, disheartened, ranks of the enemy. Numerous bodies of Spanish troops acted in concert with the allied army, and the most formidable of the guerilla leaders awaited the orders of Lord Wellington.

From the banks of the Douro at Lamego, the Agueda at Cuidad Rodrigo, and the Alagon at Coria, the different corps of the allied army marched to complete that grand movement of concentration subsequently so fatal to the French army. Advancing in the finest season of the year, through rich, and plentiful countries, following the footsteps of a retreating, and already in idea discomfited, enemy, the allies had cheering and riant prospects. That these were fully realized, history will unerringly admit.

At Burgos, what a different scene was presented to the British general from that preceding his retreat the former year! Accompanied by four divisions of infantry, and five brigades of cavalry, he reconnoitred that stronghold of the French army. The rapid retreat of the enemy, and explosion of those works that had occasioned such endless exertion and lamented loss to the assailing troops, were the immediate consequences.

Joseph Bonaparte, with the "Army of the Centre," led the retreat of the enemy's troops towards the Ebro, then followed the "Army of the South," and lastly that of "Portugal." At Breviesca, the prisoners were placed in the church. One of the stone niches of a chapel in its interior, served as a couch

for the night, nor did a prospect of any other destiny await me at the time than being marched to some of the French depôts. At daybreak, several gens-d'armes arrived to apprize the numerous inhabitants of the church of their immediate march. These sounds had scarcely reached my ears, when, rising from the cold marble dormitory I had occupied, the welcome intelligence was communicated, that orders had been received, countermanding my further progress. Delighted beyond measure, and awaiting the result of this alteration, I again occupied the recess in the chapel wall, and soon after became a solitary inhabitant of the parochial church. Prisoners and guards had disappeared; the loud and rapid talking of the French soldiery, intermixed with the occasional eloquence of my native country, died away, and the sound of the closing gate, as the last person left the interior, reverberated in loud echoes through the spacious building.

That I should have been selected from others proceeding to France, originated in the desire of Comte Gazan of restoring to liberty a captain of French artillery, taken at Badajos. This he expected to accomplish by agreeing to an exchange; and the preceding evening had written to General La Mar-

tiniere, chef d'état major of the "Army of Portugal," ordering my detention at Breviesca until his arrival.

Footsteps were again heard within the porch, and soon after a gen-d'arme appeared, directing me to follow him; whither was matter of conjecture, from which I was speedily relieved, by being conducted into a small vaulted chamber, without a single article of furniture of any description. Its floor was covered with straw, apparently not of the cleanest description, and the confined heat within was excessive: the inhabitants of the straw, rejoicing in the presence of a victim, flew up, and commenced recreating on my limbs; insects of a similar class have seldom bit more voraciously, or continued their attacks with greater perseverance. This place was worse than the Retiro, and only wanted its inmates to render it totally insupportable.

Desirous of relaxing the severities sought to be heaped on a British officer, the Baron D'Orsay, colonel of the 122me of the line, soon after visited my dungeon. His presence, very stylish appearance, and gentlemanlike manner, inspired me with immediate confidence, and left no doubt of removal from the horrid place to which malignity had consigned me. The baron, without hesitation, agreed to my liberation on parole; and the adjutant of his regiment

proceeded with me for the purpose of procuring a quarter in the town. Unfortunately, that selected was exactly opposite to General La Martiniere's, who was perceived pacing the length of his apartment, in conversation with other officers, and apparently not in a very agreeable turn of mind. He considered the presence of a British officer very offensive; a gen-d'arme was directed to remove me from his sight, and to continue my companion until further orders.

The look and appearance of this French general is fresh in my recollection. I have seldom seen hatred more strongly depicted than in the occasional glances of his bloated countenance, as, turning towards the window from whence I surveyed him, he seemed to regret that inflicting summary punishment was not within his jurisdiction. In the French army it was notorious the marked dislike to the English manifested on all occasions by this officer, upon whom beating appeared not to have produced the usual effect, that of creating respect. In the street at Breviesca was the last time I ever had the misfortune of seeing him.

Baron D'Orsay expressed regret at the prejudices of his superior officer, exhibiting in his conduct the not to be mistaken difference between a person born

a gentleman, and the soldier raised beyond his sphere. The baron, descended from an old and distinguished family, had lived in the best society; his appearance was particularly handsome, his politeness perfectly natural and unconstrained. For two days I partook of a hospitality, that appeared sincerely bestowed; conversation became unreserved, and on his part very entertaining. Perfectly acquainted with the habits and customs of the imperial court, the anecdotes concerning its personages were to me most interesting. Baron D'Orsay was at the Tuileries when Napoleon paid the great and well-merited compliment to Marshal Ney, and used the expression that has since so justly been attached to his name. It was after his return from the fatal campaign of Moscow that the court was assembled. Never had the Emperor appeared in the midst of a more brilliant circle: the Prince of Moskwa was late in arriving, but, on being perceived, Napoleon, turning to the nobles and the marshals by whom he was surrounded, exclaimed, "Voila le brave des braves!" The French army cherished the saying: it was the greatest compliment ever paid by their victorious leader to one of his lieutenants; nor was the correctness of the application for a moment questioned.

The 122me regiment formed part of the division

Bonnèt, and was particularly noticed by the Duke of Ragusa for its gallant conduct at the battle of Salamanca. The disasters of that day seemed to have made a deep impression on the French army; but, unlike other occasions of defeat, I never heard an attempt made to deny the fact, or to account for its having taken place, by any of those fallacious or unfounded reasonings usually resorted to for the purpose of explaining away or palliating discomfiture. The battle of Salamanca, it was admitted, had been lost by the "Army of Portugal;" that most of its generals were either killed or wounded, its ranks reduced, whole regiments nearly annihilated, and the impression on the minds of the soldiery greater than on any former occasion. The conduct of different corps became subject of criticism, and the Baron D'Orsay, with all the esprit of a gallant and zealous officer, seemed delighted at the supposition of General Bonnèt's division having been noticed in the British army for its vigorous and determined conduct.

On the 14th, the head-quarters of the "Army of the South" arrived at Breviesca, and I was soon after ordered to attend the general-in-chief, Comte Gazan. Having passed through the street crowded with soldiery, and replied to the interrogatories of the guard,

I was ushered into the presence of the general, who appeared to be holding a species of levée. Having, from the officer accompanying me, ascertained my identity, he immediately commenced animadverting on my conduct at Toledo, and those proclamations which appeared to have given such umbrage to the French army. His lecture appeared to be more one of necessity than inclination; it was couched in very different terms from those of General Leval, and a kindliness of manner bespoke no personally hostile feeling on the part of Comte Gazan. Combating the truth of the news from Germany, he talked slightingly of the allied powers, and concluded by assuring me, "Si l'empereur a perdu une armée, il a encore une autre." The most agreeable part of the interview was its finale, when the Comte stated, that in consequence of an application from Lord Wellington, he would propose an officer now in England as an exchange, offering, at the same time, to forward a letter from me requesting this might be agreed to, and if it was so, promising I should be immediately sent to the advance posts.

On the 16th, during the march of the "Army of the South" from Breviesca to Pancorbo, Colonel Arnaud, first aide-de-camp to the general-in-chief, rode up in the line of march, expressing his surprise

at the non-appearance of the allies. What could have become of Lord Wellington? The French troops, in full retreat, were permitted to move leisurely along the great route, without being harassed or urged forward: not a carriage of any description being lost; to him it appeared inexplicable. The mystery was destined to be solved without delay.

At Comte Gazan's, on the 16th, I met a numerous party of the officers of his army, amongst others, the Generals Darriceau, Marti, and Reymond. The Comtesse, who accompanied her husband, seemed to regret Seville and the change from Andalusia. Nothing but the approach to France appeared cheering in her estimation: harassed by the movements of the army, and the consequent discomforts, she was heartily tired of campaigning; a child, three years old, the nameson of Napoleon, appeared to occupy her devoted attention.

At Pancorbo I again met General Maransin, and passed the day with him. The whole army were assembled at or near to the town. Situated on the great route from Bayonne to Burgos, it is defended by a fort, elevated on a steep and rocky height; the valley is very narrow, scarcely affording space for the road, and rapid mountain stream, that, rushing past, is in perfect unison with its surround-

ing scenery, which is characterised by the wildest and most rugged features of uncultivated nature.

During this period of slow retrograde movement on the part of the enemy's army, Lord Wellington had been actively employed. He passed the Douro on the 1st and 2d of June, the Carrion on the 7th, and the Pisuerga on the 8th, 9th, and 10th, and, having concentrated his numerous and brilliant army, reconnoitred Burgos on the 12th, occasioning the abandonment of that place, as previously noticed; after which the allies unobstructedly advanced to the banks of the Ebro. The routes to the left of the great communication from Burgos to Vittoria were considered by the French generals impracticable for the movement of an army. Reports from peasantry, and personal acquaintance with the localities, tended to confirm this belief, adding to the surprise occasioned by the non-appearance of the allies on the line of their immediate retreat. Notwithstanding these supposed insurmountable difficulties, the British generals unhesitatingly marched forward, and having turned the strong pass of Pancorbo, all the obstructions between it and Miranda, and the right flank of the enemy's armies, he crossed the Ebro by the bridges of San Martin, Rocamonde, and Arenas. This very judicious, ably executed, and highly effect-

ive movement, became known at the French head-quarters on the evening of the 18th, when General Gazan learned, with astonishment, that the whole allied army were on the left bank of the river.

This was probably the most masterly movement made during the Peninsular war, either with reference to the object meditated, the difficulties attending its execution, or the consequences produced by its success. All the confident and matured arrangements of the French army were at once overset; hurry and confusion followed the knowledge of what had happened, and an immediate night march was the consequence. Drums beat in all directions; cavalry filed past; while the town of Pancorbo, crowded with the unwieldy ambulances containing plunder accompanying the army, presented a scene of strange confusion. Having left a garrison of 800 men in the fort, Comte Gazan marched his army direct upon Miranda, which continued to be the head-quarters of the "Army of the Centre." There we arrived before daybreak, but were permitted a very brief interval of rest. I was now in charge of two mounted gens-d'arme, but permitted to ride in any part of the column of march most congenial to my wishes: by this means, opportunity was afforded of seeing, at different times, the whole French army. As the Franco-Spanish court

moved with these troops, there was a great display of uniform: the civil departments of the army, officers attached to the household or the Spanish ministers, were alike loaded with embroidery; the general officers, even in the forenoons, constantly wore their uniforms. Accompanying the "Army of the South," numerous ladies, dressed en militaire, and on horseback, having forsaken the plains of Andalusia, followed the fortunes of their Gallic lovers. The assemblage was motley in the extreme; nor could it be doubted, that habits of luxury, added to the facility of procuring transport in a country where every animal was by them considered the property of the first military person that secured it, had to a great degree encumbered the French armies; nor did this circumstance escape the animadversion of the officers themselves.

Of the cavalry, the heavy dragoons, dressed in green, with brass helmets, were superior troops to the other classes of the same army serving in Spain. The chasseurs à cheval, except in uniform, varied little, either in quality or appearance, from the hussars; both were mounted on a slight not very compact species of horse; each of these regiments possessed a "*compagnie d'élite.*" The chasseur regiments under the imperial government were

variously dressed; and of the hussars, not two corps were in uniform alike. The horse artillery, habited in light blue, braided with black, appeared in a high state of equipment and discipline.

Of the infantry there were but two classes,—the light regiments and those of the line. To each battalion of the latter were attached a company of grenadiers, and one of voltigeurs. And to the light regiments were also added companies of the former. No soldier armed with a rifle existed in the army.

The voltigeurs performed the duties of light troops, while the regiments denominated *légère*, most frequently acted in line.

Of the different corps in the French army, none appeared more efficient than the artillery. The brigades accompanying the three armies, I had, on this occasion, an opportunity of observing, were invariably well appointed—horses, carriages, accoutrements, all seemed in perfect order.

The gens-d'armerie à cheval, at this time numerous in Spain, and selected from the élite of the cavalry regiments, were fine in appearance, frequently acting in a body; and with the distinction to be expected from veteran soldiers, their long blue clothing, cocked hats, and broad buff belts, gave them a very distinct appearance from any other class of French cavalry.

The élite of the dragoon regiments, wearing furred grenadier caps, were men of great stature and martial appearance.

The discipline of the troops seemed not of the strictest description, nor did the regimental officers apparently preserve that control so necessary for its support. The same line of distinction between men and officers was not so sedulously observed as in the British army, arising in great measure from the opposite modes of composition, the conscription conveying to the ranks persons of family; and occasionally the private or non-commissioned officer being from a superior grade of French society to the officer placed over him. As a proof of this species of unmilitary equality existing in the imperial armies, I have witnessed a sergeant of infantry walking in familiar conversation with, and his arm locked in that of, his officer. But with all this apparent laxity, it was impossible to see the French armies without being impressed with the perfectly au fait manner in which the duties were performed; ever in readiness, the soldier was instantaneously put in motion when occasion demanded celerity of movement. Under the most unenviable circumstances, custom had inured him to the practice of endeavouring, as far as possible, to provide for diminishing the want of comfort that

prevailed; and, instead of staring about to discover all the miseries of his bivouac, he had probably already half unroofed the nearest habitation for the purpose of composing his fire. When the blaze was kindled, and his knees and schakos in close contact with the crackling wood, a shrug of the shoulder denoted the commencement of a long tirade of complaints, which, until the fire was lighted, and the soup in a state of preparation, he had neither time nor inclination either to think of or to compose.

In marching, the French infantry appeared indefatigable: their progress was equally remarkable for the rapidity with which they passed over the ground, or the distances performed, encumbered by long and heavy great-coats, which were constantly worn; the soldiers, not satisfied with the burdens they were necessitated to carry, were occasionally seen conveying articles of a superfluous description, sometimes not of the lightest kind. In the line of march, roulette tables were not unfrequently to be observed borne on the shoulders of the soldiery.

To render the carriage of foils less irksome, I have seen them strapped close to the short sword of the grenadier, while several circular Spanish loaves of bread, perforated with a cord through their centres,

and slung over the cross belts, hung dangling at his back.

After a long and fatiguing march of thirty-two miles, the "Army of the South" entered Vittoria on the evening of the 19th. A more crowded town has seldom been witnessed: the court of Joseph Bonaparte, his guards, the various convoys from the interior, the head-quarters of the "Army of the Centre," and some of the cavalry, already occupied its buildings, or added to the confusion in the streets; the numerous staff and civil departments of Comte Gazan's army, formed a most embarrassing addition to this already very unmanageable assemblage.

The convoy with which I had left Madrid had not yet proceeded beyond Vittoria; nor did it appear to have been the primary intention of the enemy to abandon the country on the left bank of the Ebro, and many of the Spanish refugees had consequently hoped the capital of the province of Alava would, for a time, terminate the very unwilling pilgrimage they had from necessity been induced to make. The passage of the Ebro by the allied army awakened the military and civil authorities from these dreams; and upon visiting some of the Spanish families with whom I had previously been acquainted, they were found making preparations for accompanying the

cavalcade destined to move the following day on the road to Bayonne. At night, Vittoria was illuminated in honour of the soi-disant king. As this was the result of orders, and either French officers or their adherents inhabited every house, there could be no difficulty in accounting for this tribute of respect. During the evening and night, the armies were placed in position, covering the town; peasants were compelled to assist in throwing up temporary field-works, into which were conveyed upwards of one hundred pieces of artillery.

The whole of the convoys, excepting that of the king, and the baggage immediately appertaining to the different armies, left Vittoria on the morning of the 20th, defiling by the route leading to Irun; the carriages and waggons extended as far as the eye could reach, winding through the rich and beautiful valley.

Vittoria is situated on rising ground, surrounded, at a considerable distance, by an amphitheatre of mountain. With the exception of the height upon which the city is built, the country in its immediate neighbourhood is level, and of slight elevation. Extending along the north-west front of the town, at the distance of a mile, runs the Zadorra, a considerable stream, over which there are erected several

bridges; to the south-west the lofty and extensive heights of Puebla communicate with the high grounds domineering the route leading to Pampeluna; while on the directly opposite side of the valley, which in that particular part becomes more widely displayed, rise the eminences above the villages of Gamarra Mayor and Abechuca. The situation of Vittoria is particularly picturesque and beautiful. At the period I am detailing, every thing about it had become eminently interesting from the situation of two powerful armies having arrived in close contact, under circumstances that rendered it nearly a matter of certainty that its neighbourhood must become the arena of very serious conflict.

During the morning of the 20th, great excitement, attended with feverish and unsteady feeling, seemed to have taken possession of the inhabitants and their numerous visitors. They had ascertained the near approach of the allied army, and in the act of occupying so extensive a position as that selected by Marshal Jourdan, great activity and constant movement were perceptible; troops passed through the town, and the sound of artillery and carriage wheels became incessant. The immense convoy that had left Vittoria appeared to have produced slight effect in relieving the crowded state of the town, the streets still

presenting scenes of the utmost confusion, without any effort being apparent, by which order was sought to be restored. In the midst of this chaos, an aide-de-camp of Comte Gazan arrived, with orders that I should immediately proceed to his head-quarters. This most welcome intelligence was communicated by a Colonel of the état major, who directed me to prepare for departure, and intimated his intention of accompanying me to the residence of the general-in-chief. On leaving Vittoria, to the left of the fine avenue of trees leading into the city, my attention was directed to the reserve parks of the French armies. In point of number I had never seen so many pieces of field artillery assembled, nor can I conceive any thing more regular, beautifully arranged, or in better order, than was this very imposing display of cannon. The French colonel particularly called my attention to this sight, and, as if determined it should be my last impression of the imperial army, ordered my eyes to be bound up immediately after. We soon arrived at the village of Ariñez, where I was presented to the officers of the état major, and conducted to the house occupied by the general-in-chief. Having passed the night in completing the arrangement in position of the army under his orders, Comte Gazan had retired to obtain some repose,

previous to the renewal of fatigues which he had every reason to anticipate. Madame Gazan, and the officers of his staff, were assembled in the salon, and with them I remained until the general appeared.

In the morning, Colonel Alexander Gordon, aide-de-camp to Lord Wellington, had arrived at the advanced posts, with a letter from his lordship, agreeing to the exchange proposed by Comte Gazan; who, faithful to his promise, determined at once that I should be conveyed to the nearest of the allied troops. During the time occupied in preparing an escort, the French officers conversed with great cheerfulness, and apparent cordiality; and Madame Gazan, considering it an impossible contingency, ironically requested, in the event of her being captured by the allies, that I would exert my good offices to obtain for her a favourable reception. This sally occasioned considerable mirth, which was not diminished upon my departure, an event witnessed by the whole staff. Mounted on a very diminutive horse, my eyes bound up, the appearance of a low and small cocked hat then worn by the British army, and the constant subject of derision in that of the enemy, all contributed to complete, in their opinion, a most grotesque figure; nor were the French officers very restrained in the mirth thereby drawn forth. They, however,

closed the scene by protestations of kindness and good wishes. I was too happy at the prospect of rejoining my companions, to be either hurt or affected by the amusement produced at my expense, and after repeated adieus, quitted the presence of those careless and apparently happy persons.

As we were about proceeding to the quarters of the allied army, considerable pains had been taken in the selection of an escort: it consisted of detachments from the élite of the 2d hussars, and 21me regiment of chasseurs à cheval: an officer of the état major, and a trumpeter, completed the cortège. The moment we had passed the last French vidette, the bandage being removed, I had an opportunity of observing my companions, and noticed the broken, rugged, but picturesque, country through which we were advancing. At length, in a valley shaded by trees, a piquet of Portuguese cavalry appeared, upon observing which, the French trumpeter began to exert his lungs, and a white pocket handkerchief was waved as an emblem of peace. All proved ineffectual; the piquet, alarmed at the array evidently approaching direct to their post, treated with disregard the signals made, and, mounting with precipitation, galloped back, circulating a very unfounded alarm in the infantry camp. Under these circum-

stances it became necessary to advance with caution, until we encountered troops inclined to remain, and discover that it was merely a flag of truce paying this unexpected, and apparently, to the Portuguese, not very welcome visit. In noticing this precipitate and very unsoldierlike conduct in a small detachment of Portuguese cavalry, I do it without the slightest intention of casting any reflection that can attach generally to the troops of that service. I have previously stated my humble tribute of respect for their undeviating good conduct on every occasion, wherein I had opportunities of witnessing their demeanour in contact with the enemy; only rendering more remarkable the uncommonly manifest dislike to hostile encounter shown by the detachment on the above detailed occasion.

The appearance of some officers of the allied staff rendered it unnecessary for the French escort to proceed, and after some conversation, we mutually took leave, the enemy's detachment almost immediately after being lost to sight among the wooded knolls, situated between the positions of the armies.

Having obtained information from Captain Owen of the 18th hussars, one of the officers whom curiosity had drawn to the front, relative to the situation of the nearest troops, I proceeded to the encampment

of the 4th division; and having met Sir Lowry Cole, walked on with him towards the head-quarters. On arriving at the house inhabited by the commander of the forces, I had the satisfaction of meeting Sir Rowland Hill, Marshal Beresford, Colonel Rooke, and Lord Charles Fitzroy. An aide-de-camp having communicated my arrival from the enemy's army, I was immediately received by Lord Wellington, and with delight communicated to him the information derived from a residence with the imperial troops. The important fact of the French generals being determined to make a stand in their present position, from every circumstance I considered perfectly decided, and adduced reasons for that opinion.

Having marched with the different armies, obtained information from each, and learned probably more than was intended of their relative situations and numerical strength, my observation, although defective, carried with it a certainty of authenticity seldom to be derived by a commander-in-chief on the eve of fighting a general action.

General Gazan had intrusted me with a letter for Lord Wellington, in which was stated his having, according to agreement, restored me to liberty; but that, until the officer, with whom the exchange had

been made, left England, I must continue on parole, and not serve in any capacity against France.

This was not agreeable; but to have been exchanged under any circumstances was an instance of good fortune: it was the first Lord Wellington had been enabled to effect with the French army, and proceeded in all probability from the great desire felt by a general-in-chief to ensure the liberation of a person in whom he felt particularly interested. That Comte Gazan acted on such impulse there can be no doubt; and it is but justice to him to declare, the whole course of his conduct and manner towards me was kind and considerate.

In consequence of this arrangement, I was destined to be present in the battle, about to take place, merely as a spectator. Late in the evening, accompanied by Lord Charles Fitzroy, I rode to the quarters of Sir Rowland Hill, and anxiously anticipated the great events now with certainty to occur on the succeeding day.

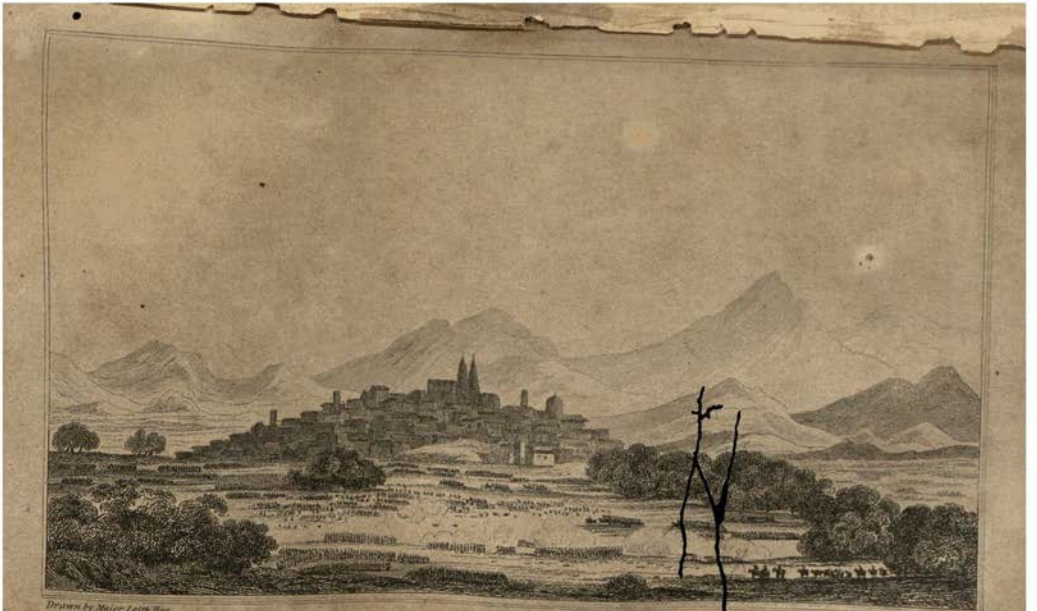
It was rather a singular coincidence of circumstances, that the intelligence of the Emperor Napoleon having, in Germany, concluded an armistice on the 4th of June, should have arrived at Vittoria in time to be, for the first time, communicated by a

British officer to his commander the day preceding the great battle that ensued.

The morning of the 21st of June was extremely brilliant: a clearer or more beautiful atmosphere never favoured the progress of a gigantic conflict. The corps of Sir Rowland Hill marched in the direction of the great road leading from Burgos to Vittoria, crossing near to La Puebla, the same route which I had, two days previously, travelled with the French army. Sir Rowland, being intrusted with the service of turning the left flank of the enemy, commanded on the extreme right.

The French armies occupied the extensive line of country from the heights of La Puebla on one hand, to those above Gamarra Mayor on the other. The "Armies of Portugal and of the South" were in the first line, that of the "Centre," with the cavalry, being in reserve; the whole force were, with few exceptions, on the left bank of the Zadorra, and in front of the town of Vittoria.

In the centre, and near to the village of Gomecha, considered the most vulnerable part of the position, had been placed in battery a large proportion of the enemy's cannon. His front was protected by the Zadorra, and to the rear, the great route leading to Bayonne, and that towards Pampeluna, seemed to



BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

Edinburgh Published by D. Lizars & Whittaker & Co. London Nov.r 1850

assure means of retreat, in case of eventual disaster. Communications from one part of the French position to another were direct, and not liable to obstruction. The low grounds near to Vittoria affording the only field for cavalry operations, there, at the commencement of the action, a large body was assembled, and for many hours remained in a state of inactivity. The great error of the French position was extent, more particularly when opposed by an army sufficiently numerous to manœuvre at the same time against all parts of its line.

In the morning, Sir Rowland Hill's corps, having arrived close to the Miranda road, halted, between it and a mill upon the Zadorra; from thence he detached General Morillo with part of the Spanish division, to attack the left flank of the enemy's army, and drive him back from the commanding heights of La Puebla. Under cover of a wood, the Spaniards mounted the steep ascent, and on its summit became immediately engaged with the enemy: a desultory and constant fire of musketry continued for some time to proceed from nearly the same spot, proving the slight impression made on the enemy's position. General Morillo had led this attack with his accustomed gallantry, and although twice wounded, declined quitting the field; but requested reinforce-

ments. Sir Rowland ordered Colonel Cadogan, with part of the brigade under his temporary command, to ascend, and secure the success of the attack. Thus assailed, the enemy, alarmed for the safety of that flank, detached troops from the centre of his line, who, meeting the British and Spanish force, now established on the very summit of the La Puebla heights, a warm and severely contested action took place. Pressing forward at the head of his brigade, Colonel Cadogan was mortally wounded by a musket ball. In a hopeless state as to the possibility of recovery, no attempt was made to carry him from the field, where, enthusiastic to the last, he requested removal to a situation from whence he could gaze on the triumphant progress of companions with whom he had so frequently participated in victory. His fall was deeply regretted, affording a striking example of the uncertainty attending all human events, and the fallacy of dependence on what is considered most desirable. The evening previous to the battle, when informed that it would certainly take place, his exultation was unbounded: going into action as the commander of that noble brigade, appeared the climax of his wishes, and the forerunner of distinction; before the conflict terminated, he was numbered with the dead!

A brigade of the 2d division, consisting of the 28th, 34th, and 39th regiments, under Colonel O'Callaghan, was ordered to carry the village of Subijana de Alava—a service speedily accomplished, notwithstanding the determined resistance of the enemy. Advanced as Subijana was, its occupation, previous to a general movement in the whole line, occasioned Colonel O'Callaghan's being exposed to the repeated and strenuous efforts of French troops to recover possession of the village, which he, however, gallantly maintained for a length of time before the centre and left of the army had closed up in a manner enabling the commander of the forces to make his attack general and decisive.

Several divisions of the army had passed the night at a considerable distance from the field of battle, the roads to which occasioned delay not previously calculated upon; consequently the attack on the French left commenced earlier than was necessary, could it have been ascertained with accuracy when the centre divisions would by possibility be brought into action.

It being probable, from having so recently left the French army, that there might be some points on which Lord Wellington would wish to question me, with the approbation of Sir Rowland Hill, I

proceeded, soon after the firing commenced, to his Lordship, and had the honour of being with him during the whole course of this most eventful day.

The head-quarters staff, when I rode up, were stationed on an eminence considerably elevated above the line of the Zadorra, on its right bank, and nearly opposite to the village of Ariñez. Lord Wellington was on foot, with his glass, surveying the whole extent of either army, and particularly the progress of the contest on the heights of La Puebla.

Dressed in a short grey great coat, closely buttoned over his embroidered Spanish sash, a feathered hat alone denoted his rank; but, upon approaching, the greatest stranger could not long have remained in ignorance of his presiding over the destinies of Britain, Portugal, and Spain.

Upon a remark being made that the troops of Sir Rowland Hill did not seem to be making much impression on the enemy's left, Lord Wellington declared the contrary to be the fact, and that he saw the Highlanders advancing. It was with no slight degree of exultation I heard this tribute to my countrymen, and with my glass perceived the waving tartans of the 92d, as the soldiers of that distinguished regiment marched along the ridge of the La Puebla heights in pursuit of the enemy. Distant as

they were, in imagination I conceived they trode with unusual firmness, and, on the mountain summit, emulated the unconquerable qualities of their ancestors.

The repeated and severe attacks to which the troops in Subijana de Alava were subjected, increased anxiety for the arrival of the centre columns; more particularly as the smoke of Sir Thomas Graham's artillery proclaimed the battle having also commenced on the left. At length it was reported to Lord Wellington, that Lord Dalhousie had arrived at Mendonza, with the 3d and 7th divisions. The light and fourth divisions had already crossed the Zadorra, by the bridges of Nanclaus and Tres Puentes. These were speedily followed by Sir Thomas Picton and Lord Dalhousie, upon which the battle became general. At the moment of the allied divisions passing the river, was exhibited one of the most animating scenes ever beheld: the whole country appeared filled with columns of troops: the sun shone bright: not a cloud obscured the brilliant and glowing atmosphere. From right to left, as far as the eye could reach, scarcely the most diminutive space intervened between bodies of troops, either already engaged, or rapidly advancing into action; artillery and musketry were heard in one continued uninterrupted volume

of sound, and although the great force of French cannon had not yet opened upon the assailants, the fire had already become exceedingly violent.

Soon after passing the river, General Colville's brigade of the 3d division encountered a considerable body of the enemy's troops, which it speedily defeated; but in the eagerness of pursuit, and in some confusion, met on the summit of a ridge two lines of French infantry, regularly formed, and prepared to receive it. Elevated as we were, this situation of affairs was very distinctly perceptible, nor could a rational doubt exist relating to the fate of the assailants. It was remarked by the commander of the forces, who expressed his expectation of some disaster in consequence occurring, but with a coolness and self-possession only to be acquired by an inward confidence of having the means speedily to remedy the anticipated temporary repulse. He continued to observe the irregular advance of these troops, and beheld, with surprise, this crowd of gallant soldiers at once vanquish formation and discipline, sweeping before them the array that, circumstanced as they were, appeared calculated to produce annihilation.

The village of Ariñez was vigorously defended, and for a time the enemy successfully resisted every effort made to obtain possession of it. The 88th, so

often distinguished in the gallant achievements of the 3d division, was repulsed, and the town ultimately carried by the 74th and 45th regiments. On an eminence above this village, Lord Wellington, in the midst of the musketry fire, gave orders for future operations; it was the only period during the day that there appeared a very doubtful struggle, and it is but justice to declare, that, in this instance, the "Army of the South" fought with great determination.

I must here relate a circumstance, insignificant in importance with reference to the progress of events, but conclusive as to the self-possession and perfect coolness of Lord Wellington.

Immediately after the repulse of the first attack on Ariñez, when musket balls were flying about him in all directions, his Lordship, wishing to dispatch an order, turned round and directed me to proceed with it, when, instantly recollecting the situation in which I was placed, he said, "No, you cannot do it;" and another officer, who had just come up, was intrusted with the message. What renders this anecdote more striking is, that in the bustle of such a scene, when the success of an attack appeared for a moment doubtful, when from the midst of fire and smoke he had detached every officer previously with

him except myself, his mind continued so unshaken by events, and in such a perfect state of equanimity, as to remember the circumstances under which was placed so insignificant a person.

Soon after the above mentioned occurrence, General Alava, and some of the confidential officers of his staff, on returning, expressed alarm at the exposed situation in which he then was, but without effect; he continued issuing orders from nearly the same spot, until Ariñez was in possession of the British line, and the enemy in full retreat towards Vittoria.

It was after the abandonment of the first position, that the French artillery, formerly mentioned as having been placed in rapidly constructed field works, opened on the advancing columns of the allied army. Through this tremendous fire Lord Wellington had to pass, as he galloped to the right of his army for the purpose of ascertaining the state of the battle in that direction. His route being in a nearly parallel line, he ran the gauntlet of about eighty pieces of cannon, and fortunately escaped untouched.

In passing through the village of Ariñez, I interrogated a wounded French soldier of the 12me légère, and from him learned that the advanced guard of the "Army of the South" had been there engaged, and suffered severely.

The enemy had hitherto retired in perfect order; nor was it until the abandonment of its artillery commenced, that the French army lost its formation. At this period of the action, the allies were advancing in the most beautiful style. Lord Wellington, having ascertained the progress of affairs on his right, arrived on an eminence to the south of the great road, and about a mile from Vittoria. He there observed confusion in the enemy's ranks on a plain close to the town, and sent for Colonel Grant, who, soon appearing at the head of his brigade of hussars, advanced along the camino-real at a rapid pace. In passing, he received orders to branch off to his left, and charge the enemy's flying troops. Reports every moment arrived of the quantity of captured cannon, and that the enemy was hurrying through the town, and giving way in every direction. To prevent their being immediately used, the French cannon were, in many instances, thrown into the ditches and narrow ravines, where, overturned and mixed with tumbrils and the bodies of dead or wounded soldiers, they presented unusually marked indications of defeat, undoubted proofs of the wreck of an army, and evidences of the consequently secured victory already obtained. A long train of carriages, waggons, and animals of burden, were now seen

issuing from Vittoria. Upon observing the line on which they moved, Lord Wellington expressed surprise, and interrogated me respecting the direction of the road to Irun, which he correctly supposed led more to the left. On being informed that this mass of fugitives were on the Pampeluna road, and that Sir Thomas Graham must have cut off their retreat on that conducting direct to Bayonne, he urged the pursuit with increased animation.

At this moment, the second division, in line, extending up the ascent of the heights to the right, had a most brilliant appearance. Having conquered every obstacle, and driven the enemy from its immediate front, it had been halted, and only awaited orders to move forward in pursuit of further triumphs. At its head was Sir Rowland Hill, the same on all occasions, undeviatingly attentive to the particular service with which he was intrusted: from that he never permitted his attention to be for a moment distracted, invariably performing his duty in the most distinguished and satisfactory manner.

The enemy's troops having entirely disappeared from in front of Vittoria, the commander of the forces proceeded towards that town, for the purpose of urging forward the different columns of his victorious army. Such a scene as the town presented has been seldom

witnessed; but no time was permitted either to investigate into, or correct, the chaos that therein reigned. Every step we took proved the decided nature of the déroute that had overtaken the French army. Cannon, overturned carriages, broken down waggons, forsaken tumbrils, wounded soldiers, civilians, women, children, dead horses and mules, absolutely covered the face of the country; while its inhabitants, *and others*, had commenced, diligently commenced, the work of pillage. Seldom on any previous occasion had so rich a field presented itself. To the accumulated plunder of Andalusia were added the collections made by the other armies; the personal baggage of the king, Fourgons having inscribed upon them in large characters, "Domaine Extérieur de S. M. l'Empereur;" waggons of every description; and a military chest containing a large sum recently received from France for payment of the troops, but which had not yet been distributed; jewels, pictures, embroidery, silks, every thing that was costly and portable, seemed to have been assiduously transported, adding to the unmilitary state of these encumbered armies.

Removed from their frames, and rolled up, some of the finest Italian pictures from the royal collections

were found in the Imperials of Joseph Bonaparte's carriage.

At one period of the pursuit, an officer of Lord Wellington's personal staff, having carried an order towards the left of the army, on returning, brought with him a long Spanish blade, about a third of which from the point was covered with blood. This had been found on the field, and was, from its singularity of shape, recognised as the sword of Lord Tweeddale. During the confusion, and in the eagerness of pursuit, he had, at the head of some heavy dragoons, penetrated into a lane filled with the enemy's cavalry, and became outnumbered and overmatched at a time when extrication was impracticable. With that determination which marked his conduct on every emergency, he charged the French dragoons, and was overwhelmed in the mêlée. Insensible, and trampled under foot, a considerable time elapsed before he was discovered, when, bruised and wounded, he was withdrawn from among the heaps of dead men and horses that encumbered the narrow road.

While these events were in progress on that part of the field where the commander of the forces led the pursuit, the left of the allies, under Sir Thomas Graham, had been obstinately resisted by the "Army

of Portugal," whose divisions, strongly posted, and prepared for defensive operations, occupied very favourable ground, and outnumbered the troops opposed.

Notwithstanding the gallant resistance made by the French infantry, they were beat back, and about noon compelled to abandon the important object of defending those points covering the Bayonne road, and which being forced, not only effectually prevented the adoption of that line of retreat, but endangered the whole position, subjecting the French army to the extraordinary situation of being turned on both flanks, while an attack of the first magnitude was directed against its centre. No action was ever more general than that of Vittoria: all parts of the enemy's army were assailed nearly at the same moment, and the impression made was everywhere satisfactory.

In the morning, advancing by the great route from Bilbao to Vittoria, Sir Thomas Graham found the enemy strongly posted on the heights above the village of Abechuco, from whence, however, he was speedily removed by General Oswald, having under his orders the fifth division, General Pack's brigade, the Spanish troops of Colonel Longa, and General Anson's brigade of cavalry.

Soon after obtaining possession of the heights, the troops marched to assault the barricadoed towns of Gamarra Mayor, and Abechuco. Great pains had been taken to strengthen these places, and they were by the enemy occupied as têtes de pont for the passages of the Zadorra.

The former was stormed by General Robinson's Brigade of the fifth division, which, advancing in columns of battalion, regardless of a heavy and destructive fire of artillery and musketry, pursued its steady, orderly, and not to be obstructed, course, without returning a shot, and at the point of the bayonet forced back the enemy, who retired in confusion, with the loss of three pieces of cannon. Although in possession of the town, General Robinson was not in sufficient force to carry the bridge, on the opposite end of which the enemy had rallied. Fresh troops moved to his support. General Hay's brigade reinforced the assailants, and the contest became of the warmest and most destructive description. Repeated and violent efforts were made to recover possession of the village; but these were rendered unavailing by the unshaken gallantry of the fifth division. The bridge of Gamarra, and its vicinity, exhibited proofs of the pertinacity with which both parties had contended; it was covered with dead

bodies, and in every respect bore marks of a tremendous conflict. In these affairs the fifth division had nearly five hundred men either killed or wounded.

Colonel Fane of the 59th, and Colonel Campbell of the Royal, were included in the number of the latter. The former died a few days after, universally regretted; the latter recovered, notwithstanding the dangerous appearance of a very severe musket wound on the head.

It was on the bridge, zealously urging the attack, that Captain George Hay of the Royal, was mortally wounded; he was transported to Vittoria, where General Hay, after executing the service of the day, passed the whole night in searching for the quarters of his son, and only discovered them to learn that he had a few minutes previously expired.

The village of Abechuco was carried by the light battalions of the German Legion, under Colonel Halkett, supported by General Bradford's brigade, and assisted by the fire of Captain Ramsay's troop of horse artillery, and a brigade of guns, under Captain Dubourdieu. The enemy does not appear to have considered this point of equal importance with the possession of Gamarra Mayor, nor were similar efforts made either to maintain or to recover the bridge, which, near to Abechuco, also afforded

means of passing the Zadorra. In the line of operations, there were no less than six bridges across that stream, over which some portion of the allied army passed. That on the road leading from Burgos enabled Sir Rowland Hill's corps to gain the left bank. Sir Lowry Cole, with the fourth division, passed by the bridge of Nanclaus; the Light at Tres Puentes; Lord Dalhousie and Sir Thomas Picton crossed between Tres Puentes and Abechuco; Sir Thomas Graham's corps by those of Abechuco and Gamarra Mayor: of these, the two latter were alone obstinately defended.

The French army rallied at no point of its line; nor was there the slightest effort made, after passing Vittoria, to check the rapid pursuit of the allies. To escape seemed then to have become the sole object. Its artillery, at first captured in lesser numbers, became at once entirely abandoned; an impression of the impossibility of removing it had become general in all parts of the field, over whose widely-extended and uneven surface the artillerymen were seen flying, after having left their cannon to be captured by the nearest advancing troops.

Never previously had so large a body of British artillery been engaged as at Vittoria, and there were casualties in every brigade.

CHAPTER II.

When a considerable distance advanced on the Pampeluna side of Vittoria, Lord Wellington rode to the summit of a knoll, from whence the line of the retreating army was perceptible for upwards of a mile. It is impossible ever to forget the scene opened to view upon gaining the ascent. The valley beneath represented one dense mass, not in column, but extended over the surface of a flat containing several hundred acres. On this spot, the now confused multitude were obstructed by their own irregular and precipitate efforts at escape; little movement was discernible, and inevitable destruction seemed to await a crowd of not less than twenty thousand people. Immediate orders were sent for horse artillery, and in a few minutes Captain Ross's troop, regardless of roads, had crowned the summit of the commanding height, from whence he showered down balls and howitzer shells upon the terrified masses, now urged into efforts at accelerated flight by the slaughter around.

The necessity of passing across the country after

its progress had been interrupted by Sir Thomas Graham, and the nearly impracticable state of the road leading from the Irun to the Pampeluna line of communication, occasioned a confusion and delay that ensured the capture of the heavy baggage and the reserve artillery.

Never did the commander of the allied army appear so anxious to strike a terrific blow against the enemy; and in the midst of such exhilarating, such apparently satisfactory circumstances, when the full tide of success seemed to crown his exertions, there appeared a feeling of regret at the supposition of the imperfect destruction that had overtaken the armies opposed to him. Probably this proceeded from the comparatively speaking small number of prisoners that met him in his victorious advance; but the nature of the country, the absence of all encumbrance, the rapid disappearance of the French battalions, rendered it out of the question to capture a number at all proportioned either to the killed and wounded, the complete state of déroute, or the loss of materiel, which had resulted from the battle.

When Lord Wellington closed the pursuit, which he had personally led, it was at a distance of two leagues from Vittoria, and even then he reluctantly desisted, darkness preventing the possibility of any further favourable result. Thus, during the action,

three leagues of country had been traversed, on every portion of which different scenes had been enacted. Some estimate may be formed of the fatigues of a general-in-chief under such circumstances, when it is recollected that Lord Wellington had been on horseback, with a short interval, since daylight in the morning; that his mind must have been in constant active excitement, and it was nine at night before he returned to Vittoria.

The town, which two days previously I had witnessed lighted up in honour of Joseph Bonaparte was now blazing with illumination for his total discomfiture. Order had in some measure been restored; and when Lord Wellington and his staff directed their wearied horses along the streets, although extremely crowded, no great irregularities appeared in progress. Soon after entering the town, one of the aides-de-camp, who had previously arrived, informed me, that among the French equipages left on the field, was that of Madame Gazan, and being the only person in the army with whom she was acquainted, numerous enquiries had been dispatched, trusting anxiously that I would befriend her in the unlooked-for disastrous situation she then was. I immediately proceeded to wait upon her. A more unenviable situation can scarcely be imagined, but, with the sprightliness and unconcern of her country,

she did not appear feeling it to the fullest extent. In the confusion occasioned by the rush of carriages, and the near approach of the firing, a gen-d'arme à cheval rode up, proffering his assistance to the wife of his general. Her first impulse was securing the safety of her child, which the soldier undertook to be answerable for; and, having placed the boy before him, rode off, soon disappearing in the crowd. General Darriceau, wounded, and retiring from the field, rode up, and spoke to her; but attempt at extricating her carriage would have been fruitless, and in it she remained until surrounded by the British cavalry. On being brought back to Vittoria, she proceeded to the house of two Spanish ladies, her former acquaintances, and there I found her residing.

At her request, I visited the depôt of prisoners, from whence her servants were restored. I then placed her remaining carriage in safety, endeavoured to quiet her fears for the safety of her child, assured her there could be no doubt of Lord Wellington admitting of immediate return to her husband; after which, having procured a guard, I placed sentinels at the entrance of her quarters, to prevent intrusion, and took leave for the night.

Very early on the morning of the 22d, I accompanied Madame Gazan to the spot where the equi-

pages had been arrested in their flight on the preceding day, and where she very erroneously entertained hopes of recovering some of the spoils, which, having travelled from Andalusia, loaded three waggons, and enriched the inhabitants of Alava, and the stragglers from the allied army. The field was strewed with manuscripts, broken trunks, or shattered carriages, but naturally, not a vestige remained of any thing worthy the trouble of transporting it thence. Being speedily convinced of this fact, we returned to Vittoria, and soon after followed the route of the army towards Salvatierra. Considering it my duty, and feeling happy in the opportunity of in a slight degree returning the kindness of Comte Gazan, by securing the safety of his wife, I remained near to her carriage, or rode within sight of it during the course of the forenoon. Lord Wellington desired me to request Madame Gazan would dine with him on the 22d. At the accustomed hour, I accompanied her to his Lordship's. The evening passed very agreeably: she was in every respect treated with the utmost courtesy, and the following morning rejoined her husband and her child.

The march from Vittoria to Salvatierra was unlike what might have been expected immediately to succeed so decisive a victory as that of the preceding day. No vestiges of the enemy's troops were visible

giving animation to the way; all had disappeared: so effectually had the French army vanished, that, during the intervening space, not a shot was fired. The advancing columns beheld not an enemy against whom could be supported the revelry of the 21st.

Lord Wellington, having at first pursued on the direct track of the enemy's armies, considered those defeated at Vittoria so completely subdued, that he dispatched some light troops alone in the direction of Roncesvalles, and with the Light, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 7th divisions, marched towards Tudela de Ebro, hoping to intercept the retreat of General Clausel, who, in full march to reinforce, had received the unwelcome tidings of the battle. The 5th and 6th divisions, with the household cavalry, had marched by another route, to ensure his capture; but, by extraordinary exertion, he succeeded in effecting an escape, under circumstances of great peril, thereby retaining untarnished the character of intelligence deservedly obtained by saving the wreck of the Duke of Ragusa's army after Salamanca. Despairing of being enabled to effect any thing decisive against a corps retreating with such rapidity, and whose route to join the army of Cataluna, under the Duke of Albufera, now became unobstructed, Lord Wellington turned towards the Pyrenees; and having left the indefatigable Mina to follow up the retiring

column of the enemy, he established the head-quarters near to Pampeluna.

Previously to passing the frontier, after the battle of Vittoria, the enemy placed General Gazan, with a numerous garrison, in the strong fortress of Pampeluna, which, on the arrival of the Allies, became blockaded by the troops under Sir Rowland Hill.

Sir Thomas Graham, having been detached on the Bayonne road, for the purpose of beating back the corps of General Foy, and compelling him to evacuate the Spanish territory, came up with that general, strongly posted in the walled town of Tolosa; and having manœuvred to secure the success of his attack, he blew open the gates with artillery, forcing a passage into the place. Darkness alone favoured the retreat of the enemy, who pursued his route across the Bidassoa, without any further attempt at resistance.

The fort of Santa Engracia at Pancorbo, having surrendered on the 1st of July* to the Spanish army of the Condé del Abisbal, with the exception of the garrisons of Pampeluna and San Sebastian, not a French soldier continued in arms within the whole extent of the northern provinces of Spain. Of four hundred thousand men that had entered the Penin-

sula to enforce its subjugation, the diminished army of Marshal Suchet, and the two garrisons above stated, alone remained!

Pampeluna, the ancient Pompeiopolis, founded by Pompey the Great, and consequently a place of much antiquity, is, in modern days, an extensive city, and one of the strongest fortified places of the Peninsula. Situated on a perfect level, it is not commanded by any domineering or neighbouring height. The citadel, built at the southern extremity of the works, is from the exterior little perceptible, the parapets of its walls being on a level with the surrounding plain, and consequently in great measure protected from the effects of breaching batteries. This formidable place the commander of the forces prepared to besiege, but subsequently resolved to reduce by blockade.

Lord Dalhousie, with the 6th and 7th divisions, was, in the first instance, intrusted with the operations; and the investment being rendered perfect, nine redoubts were constructed on eminences encircling the town, at a distance of twelve or fifteen hundred yards. Major Goldfinch, of the engineers, superintended the completion of these works, which were garrisoned and armed with some of the French field artillery captured at Vittoria.

Drawn by Major Leith Esq.

Engd by W.H.Lizars

PAMPELUNA.

Edinburgh Published by D.Lizars & Whittaker & Co. London Nov.1830

The probable re-advance of the French army, for the purpose of withdrawing the garrisons, rendering it important to assemble the whole British force on the immediate frontier, Lord Dalhousie delivered over the conduct of the blockade to Don Carlos España, who, with a force of about nine thousand Spaniards, was intrusted with that important service.

Not being permitted to serve with the army, I left Sir Rowland Hill's head-quarters, at Orcayan, on the 2d of July, taking the route for Madrid; resolved to remain in that city until apprized by the military secretary that the cartel, restoring me to unrestricted liberty, had arrived from England.

In the evening, I entered Tafalla, one of the minor cities of Navarre, and the following day, having crossed the Ebro, near to Peralta, remained for the night in the large and populous town of Cintruenigo. The limited portion of territory on the right bank of the Ebro, appertaining to the kingdom of Navarre, is populous and highly cultivated; the walled cities of Calahorra and Alfaro rising from the plain in the immediate vicinity of the river, give an imposing appearance to the landscape. Having entered the province of Soria, near to Cervera, and passed through Agreda on the 4th, I halted at Paredes, con-

tinuing my journey the following morning through the fertile plains of Guadalaxara. On the 7th, I visited the fine town of Alcala de Henares, and in the evening arrived at Madrid.

The day after thus again entering the capital, I became an inmate of the house of Rivella Gigeda, and experienced that kindness and hospitality with which the Condé and Condessa had ever greeted the English. During the period that had intervened since the departure of the allied army in 1812, they had continued to reside in Madrid, notwithstanding the suspicion and dislike expressed by the French authorities in consequence of their well-known sentiments. In detailing some incidents that had occurred during the winter, one instance of presumptuous feeling seemed to have afforded great amusement. Soon after the French repossessed the capital, an aide-de-camp of Joseph Bonaparte, in the arrangement of quarters, became domiciled in their house; but upon his master being made acquainted with the fact, he declared that no officer of his household should inhabit a quarter that had been the residence of the Prince of Orange! and, to the satisfaction of the family, he was compelled to betake himself to other apartments.

The battle of Victoria had occasioned so great a

change in public opinion, and the return of the French court was now believed to be so improbable, that many of the grandees, who had considered themselves in a species of exile at Cadiz, adopted the resolution of returning to the capital.

By these accessions to the society, the Tertullas at the house of Rivella Gigeda became more numerous and more brilliant, while report announced the daily arrival of powerful and influential families; but Madrid still wanted the Medina Celís, the Altamirás, the Ossunás, or the Infantadós. The old Duchess of Ossuna and Benevente lingered at Cadiz; but her more enterprising daughter, the beautiful Marquesa de Santa Crux, had returned to grace that society in which she had formerly moved with distinguished eclat.

Many of the French party still lurked in Madrid, but preserved a caution in their conduct proportioned to the hopeless state of the cause to which, from mistaken policy, they had adhered and become the partisans.

The Spanish government, on learning the great events that had occurred in the north, expressed its unbounded gratitude to Lord Wellington, conferring on him the additional title of Duque de Vittoria, and possession of the beautiful estate of Soto de

Roma, near to Grenada. When the favour of the Prince of Peace with the Spanish Bourbons was at its height, he had appropriated to himself two of the most valuable estates in Spain, one of which, having been conferred upon Marshal Suchet by the Emperor Napoleon, formed the title of his dukedom; the other was now bestowed, as above stated, on the successful leader of the allied army.*

The temporary cessation of hostilities in Germany had, of course, occasioned a brief period of relaxation from that conflict which Napoleon, notwithstanding his losses in Russia, had maintained with nearly unimpaired vigour, and with the unsubdued and terrifying impression naturally attached to that stupendous military genius, which, until the snows of the north taught a lesson of humility, had led the armies of France from triumph to triumph, occasioning in the nations of Europe a feeling of terror greater than ever previously attached to mortal name.

The armistices on former occasions concluded by this extraordinary man, either in Italy, the scene of his early glory, under the walls of Vienna, or when

* At the time when the events above narrated occurred, the circumstances of the wars agitating the whole of Europe were particularly critical.

in possession of the capital of the great Frederick, had invariably been preludes to the humiliation of his adversaries; and although misfortune had diminished his means, and the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen had not been of the decisive character, or partaken of the overwhelming results that attached to those of Marengo, Austerlitz, or Jena, still there was an impression created by the circumstance of the Russian and Prussian cabinets being desirous to conclude a suspension of arms, calculated to mislead regarding the real posture of affairs, and to induce a belief that Napoleon, on the eve of concluding a peace with those powers, would once more be enabled to direct his undivided energies to the Peninsular war. Under these circumstances, nothing could have been better timed than the battle of Vittoria: the same courier that conveyed to his brother a notification of the armistice, might, in returning to Napoleon, have been the bearer of intelligence announcing the total defeat of his armies, and the circumstance of his being driven from the territory, that no longer, in the most trivial respect, acknowledged his supremacy. One month deferred, the armies on the Ebro would have been reinforced by sixty thousand men, and thereby have become too powerful to admit of the

great impression created by the energetic and well-timed advance of the allied army.

It is not to be conceived with what mingled feelings of disappointment and irritation the ruler of France learned the course of events at the base of the Pyrenees, and that his brother and his generals no longer prosecuted the war in Spain, but, defeated and shaken in confidence, had sought shelter in the plains of Gascony. Accustomed as he had been to receive reports from the Peninsula little calculated to give satisfaction, or to confirm his impression of the invincible qualities of those troops which he had personally ever led to certain victory, so extensive and alarming a reverse as that now made known must have been as unexpected as it was disastrous; but with all the promptitude of a person born to command, instead of yielding to gloomy circumstances, he issued orders for a bold effort to counteract the tide of war, to recover the ground lost by Vittoria, and to awaken to energy, as he conceived, the dormant spirit of his soldiers. Troops marched from the interior to reinforce, artillery from the depôts completed the equipment, and the marshal Duke of Dalmatia was intrusted with full powers to conduct the renewed hostilities, and retrieve the errors of his predecessors.

General Gazan resumed his situation as chief of

the staff; the army, divided into three corps, commanded by Comte Reille, Comte D'Erlon, and General Clausel, with a reserve under General Villatte, and three divisions of cavalry, prepared to force the passes of the mountains, and march to relieve Pampeluna. Upon assuming the command of the "Army of Spain," Marshal Soult issued a proclamation in imitation of those spirit-stirring productions by which Napoleon was accustomed to call forth the enthusiastic admiration of his soldiers; but the essential quality calculated to give effect was wanting. When the emperor, by the roll of the drum, called attention to his emphatic words, the troops knew that he would fulfil the promise of leading them to victory, and that knowledge gave effect to the concise but brilliant announcement of his intentions, and what he expected from them. When the Duke of Dalmatia's proclamation appeared, it was that of an ordinary man, promising more than he could perform, and as such was received by those to whom it was immediately addressed.

The blockade of Pampeluna, which commenced on the 25th of June, was from that date strictly enforced.

Lord Wellington, after reconnoitring San Sebastian on the 12th July, gave orders for the siege. Trenches were opened on the evening of the 13th, and

the works against the place proceeded with regularity; the troops employed to reduce it being the 5th division, commanded by General Oswald, and the Portuguese brigades of Generals Bradford and Wilson; the whole under the orders of Sir Thomas Graham, who was intrusted with the conduct of the siege.

The first operation of importance that occurred was obtaining possession of the convent of San Bartolomeo, which was carried on the 17th by the 9th regiment, three companies of the Royal Scots, and some detachments of Portuguese infantry.

On the 23d, two practicable breaches having been formed, the houses in their vicinity also on fire, and the flames rapidly increasing, it was decided to assault the place; but from circumstances that were considered important, its execution was deferred until the 25th; at five o'clock on the morning of which day, the 5th division was assembled, and ready to move from the trenches. Soon after, a mine was exploded, destroying a considerable length of the counterscarp and glacis; it also occasioned a momentary panic in the garrison, from which the assailing party were enabled to reach the breach before the enemy had sufficiently recovered to maintain a concentrated and well-directed fire. The ground over

which the British had to pass in their progress to the ruined wall, was extremely difficult; masses of rock, covered by sea-weed, intervening, while pools of water assisted in obstructing the progress of the troops. The breach was flanked by towers of considerable altitude, from whence issued a galling and destructive fire of musketry. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the troops gained the summit of the breach, but were there received by so violent a discharge of grape, shells, and musketry, as to occasion very serious loss. Confusion resulted from the impossibility of forcing forward; and after the fall of Major Fraser, and the capture of Lieutenant Jones, the conducting engineer, the attempt was abandoned, and the troops recalled into the trenches, having sustained a loss of about five hundred men.

Many wounded men lay upon the ascent to the breach, or were extended on the rocky sands at its base. Unable to move, and exposed to the fire, which still continued on the part of the enemy, these brave soldiers must have remained in a very fatal situation, had not Captain James Stewart, of the Royal Scots, with great gallantry and perseverance, gone forward, regardless of personal exposure, and succeeded in arranging a truce for a sufficient period to admit of

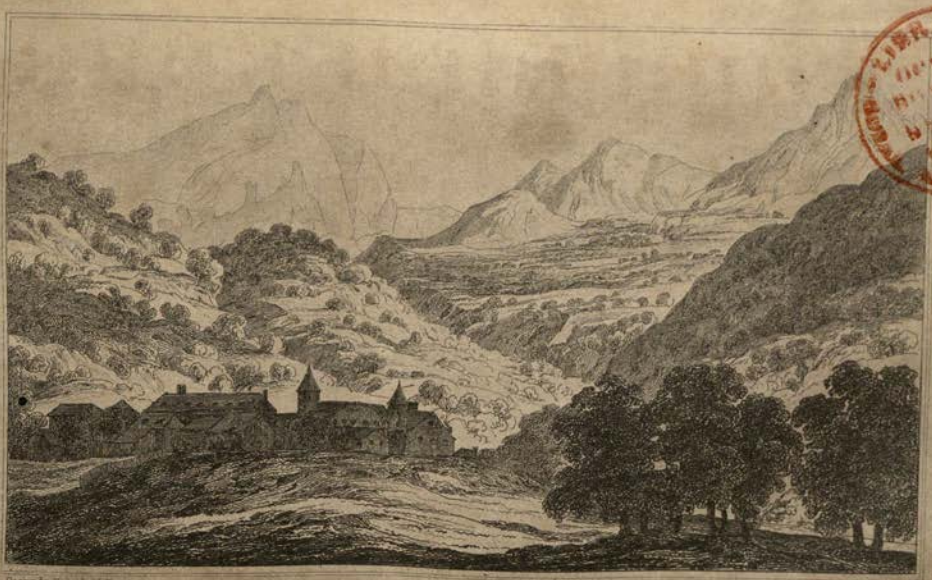
their being either removed to the trenches, or carried prisoners into the body of the place.

During these operations, the allied army, exclusive of the troops employed in the siege of San Sebastian and the blockade of Pampeluna, was posted to defend the passes in the Pyrenees. Sir Rowland Hill, on the extreme right, occupied the pass of Roncesvalles, with General Byng's brigade of British infantry, and the troops of General Morillo, having General Pringle's brigade in the valley of Bastan, while the Portuguese division of the Conde de Amarante, and General Walker's brigade of the 2d division, were encamped near to the summit of the Maya pass.

General Cole, with the 4th division, at Viscarret, one league in rear of Roncesvalles, was in reserve to Sir Rowland Hill.

The 3d division, under Sir Thomas Picton, supported the troops at Maya.

The 6th division was also in second line at San Estevan. The light and 7th divisions were at Vera and Echelar. The Spanish division of General *Longa* kept up the communication between Vera and the 1st division, which, with the army of General Giron, was on the great chaussée leading to Bayonne, or on the heights to its immediate *right*.



Drawn by Major Leigh Esqr.

Engd by W.B. Lizars

RONCESVALLES.

Edinburgh Published by D. Lizars & Whittaker & Co. London Nov.r 1.st 1820.

The allied force, thus stationed, covered a great extent of country, intersected by mountain and valley, in many respects difficult of access, or of rapid communication. The only means of penetrating being by the great routes leading across the Pyrenees, it was evident the French marshal might select a line, and conduct a force quite disproportioned to any that could be speedily assembled at a particular point, for the purpose of resistance. This occasioned an almost certain success to assailants in the first instance; but from the nature of the country, and means of concentration afforded by retirement, it was improbable that superiority would for any prolonged period accompany the advance of an enemy.

The 25th of July was not only rendered remarkable by the failure at San Sebastian, but was the date of commencement to those operations of Marshal Soult against the allied positions, by which he hoped to relieve Pampeluna, and again penetrate to Vittoria. On that day, the Duke of Dalmatia having assembled a large force at St Jean Pied de Port, ascended the Pyrenees, and, soon after daybreak, with the utmost impetuosity attacked General Byng's Brigade on the summit of the Roncesvalles pass. Unawed by the presence of from thirty to

forty thousand enemies, that distinguished officer maintained his ground; nor could the utmost efforts of the French marshals force back the brave regiments under his orders. Hour after hour passed away, and the assailants were still completely checked. Upon no occasion did the same number of infantry ever arrest for such a period so overwhelming a force.

Sir Lowry Cole moved up with the 4th division in support, and for nine hours, these troops effectually blocked up the passage, impeding the progress of the enemy; nor was it until late in the afternoon that, by manœuvre, and turning the position, which necessarily occasioned the retreat of the British infantry, Marshal Soult was enabled to pass the mountain road he had not succeeded in forcing by direct attack.

Towards evening of the same day, Comte d'Erlon, with two divisions of his corps d'armée, attacked the brigades of the 2d division, under Generals Walker and Pringle, stationed on the Maya pass. The enemy for a time advanced unperceived, and a very serious conflict took place. Sir William Stewart, who had that morning gone to Roncesvalles, on his return, heard the firing, and hastened to the spot; with his accustomed gallantry, he rallied the troops, and, regardless of superiority of numbers, repeatedly

charged the enemy. Supported by General Barnes, the 2d division maintained for seven hours an unequal but determined contest with the enemy. In this very serious attack, many of the British regiments suffered severely. Colonel Fenwick of the 34th was severely wounded, as were Colonel Hill and Captain Grant of the 50th. Colonel Cameron, Majors Mitchel and Macpherson, with sixteen other officers of the 92d, were also included in the list of wounded. Aware of the events at Roncesvalles, Sir Rowland Hill retired this portion of his corps to Irurita.

Informed during the night of the 25th as to the retrograde movement by the right of his army, Lord Wellington gave immediate orders respecting the further prosecution of the siege of San Sebastian, and left Lezaca to conduct that operation of concentration, by which alone the French army could be effectually checked. Some idea may be formed of the extensive nature of the position, the centre and right of which had been attacked, and of the time required to traverse the mountain and valley in his route, when it is related that, anxious as he must have been, and active as on every occasion he was proverbially esteemed, it was not until the morning of the 27th that his presence gave confidence to the

allied force assembled in position near to Huarte, within a short distance of Pampeluna.

The 3d and 4th divisions were in the act of taking up their ground when the commander of the forces arrived. The enemy, ranged on the mountains in front, soon after attacked an important height, defended by part of the 4th division, but without success. On its summit, troops of the three allied countries fought with distinction. The 40th British regiment, the 4th Portuguese, and the Spanish battalions of El Principe and Pravia, for two days repelled the repeated attempts made to dislodge them.

Sir Stapleton Cotton, with the British cavalry, was to the right of Huarte; the enemy also displayed a large force of that arm, but from the unfavourable nature of the country, no collision took place.

In the act of taking up its position on the morning of the 28th, the 6th division was attacked, and General Pack, then commanding it, severely wounded. It was from the village of Sorauren the enemy advanced on this occasion, and a more ill-advised movement has seldom been made. From the position of the allies, he was assailed in front, both flanks and rear, and, of course, driven back with enormous loss.

It was subsequent to this repulse that the brave

4th division was subjected to a general attack along the range of heights occupied by its troops.

The only reverse during the day was occasioned by a height, on which was posted the 10th Portuguese infantry, having been carried. This success on the part of the French general was momentary. Lord Wellington sent the 27th and 48th regiments to charge the enemy, and they not only drove his troops from the eminence, but with the bayonet dislodged those to its immediate left. The repeated charges this day made by the regiments of Sir Lowry Cole's division, ensured the brilliant execution of the service on which they were employed, and added to their former well-earned renown. A favourable termination to the contest in the Pyrenees became no longer doubtful; every hour added to the improved situation of the allied army; fresh troops came into line; nor did there appear a danger of the Duke of Dalmatia being in any respect enabled to carry his boasted intentions into serious effect. He must, when subsequently called upon to defend the territory of France, have bitterly repented the loss of gallant soldiers fruitlessly expended during the actions in the mountains.

Despairing of being enabled to relieve Pampeluna

and determined to vary his line of operations, on the evening of the 28th, Marshal Soult sent back his artillery, wounded, and the other encumbrances of his army, to St Jean Pied de Port. On the 30th, the allies became the assailants, and forcing up the crests of mountains, fording rivers, penetrating almost impervious woods, and following the tide of success with singular audacity and enterprise, beat back the French troops from position to position, until the British colours were again posted on those grand eminences, from whence are displayed the plains of Gascony.

Had Marshal Soult commenced these operations without pretension, had he assumed the command under usual circumstances of service, his failure might have passed without severe animadversion; or had his military character been supported by a series of scientific or skilful movements, although unfortunate, posterity would not have withheld the meed of praise; but when placed in command with the presumptuous intention of rectifying the errors of others, proclaiming that he was to do so, and supported by great devotion and undoubted gallantry on the part of his troops, the result of the battles in the Pyrenees will establish the facts, that, as a leader, he was not a Napoleon, and that the loss of the

battle of Vittoria might be attributed to other causes than the incapacity of the imperial commanders on that occasion.

As a natural consequence of the description of country on which these affairs took place, the loss in both armies was very considerable. This must ever be the case in modern warfare in a mountainous country, where the advantage derived from situation will generally be in favour of the inferior quality of troops. To ascend heights resolutely defended, is, on most occasions, a disadvantage not easily overcome, and when surmounted, naturally attended with the severest loss; but, having that advantage, inferior troops may occasion a murderous ascent to others whom, in the end, they have no prospect of successfully resisting. In the battles of the Pyrenees, the localities were as above described; while the assailants and the attacked, which circumstances occasioned to be alternately the fate of either army, were entitled to be considered troops of the first quality; consequently, the repeated and varied conflicts could not fail to be of a determined and most sanguinary description.

During the retreat of the enemy, General Barnes, with his brigade of the 7th division, became particularly distinguished; he attacked a very superior

force, posted on high and difficult ground, proving at the same time the spirit of his battalions, and the dejected feeling produced by repeated reverses on the minds of the enemy's troops.

Over the passes of the Pyrenees, the enemy's army again descended from whence it came; Comte D'Erlon, with his corps, marching by Maya, while General Reille retired by Roncesvalles, and General Clausel by Echelar. Not a soldier in arms, of Marshal Soult's army, continued in the territory of Spain.

Lezaca once more became the British head-quarters, and the allied army resumed nearly the same position it had occupied previous to the advance of the French marshal

Encamped on the romantic heights, and in the beautiful valleys, of the Pyrenees, the troops remained inactive: it was improbable that any renewed attempt would be made having a similar object to that on the late occasion so signally frustrated; nor was it likely that any movement in advance by the allied army would take place previous to the fall of San Sebastian and Pampeluna.

Upon Lord Wellington's return to Lezaca, the siege of the former was directed to be urged with renewed vigour. The ordnance and stores, which the uncertain state of affairs in the Pyrenees had occa-

Drawn by Major Leith Hay

Engd by W.H. Lizars

PYRENEES FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE RONCESVALLES PASS.

Edinburgh Published by D. Lizars & Whittaker & Co. London Nov. 7th 1

sioned being embarked, were, on the 5th of August, relanded at Passages. Subsequent arrivals of battering cannon and ammunition having augmented the force of heavy artillery to one hundred and seventeen pieces, no doubt existed of the army being possessed of means to ensure a speedy reduction of the fortress; and the engineer and artillery arrangements being in a state of forwardness, on the 24th of the month the attack recommenced.

The town of San Sebastian is situated on a peninsula, at the extremity of which, washed by the tempestuous sea of the Bay of Biscay, rises a remarkable conical rocky height, called Monte Orgullo, upon the point of whose summit stands the citadel or castle of La Mota: the whole extent of this singular eminence is distinctly separated from the town by an outer line of defence at its base; while batteries, erected on the southern ascent, aid and protect the defences in the main body of the place. The town, previous to the siege, contained a large population; the entire space within the works being closely built upon, and numerously inhabited; the streets regular; its plaza spacious, and the houses handsome and commodious.

The principal road leading from the place to the castle-keep is conducted from the convent of Santa

Teresa to the Miradar battery, situated on a rocky point at the eastern extremity of the ridge, and from thence to that Del Principe, of still greater altitude, and nearly on a line with the battery De la Reyna.

The convent of Santa Teresa, the arsenal, and the battery of St Elmo, occupy the northern line of the town, and consequently are its nearest points of communication with the castle rock.

The eastern defences of San Sebastian are washed by the river Urumea; the western by the ocean; the southern, or land front, stretching across the isthmus, is about 350 yards in extent, having a flat bastion in its centre, strengthened by a hornwork, with a counterscarp, covered way, and glacis; but the defences running on to the peninsula, and facing to the east, alone consist of a single rampart wall, exposed to the range of sand hills on the right bank of the Urumea, at a distance of from 500 to 1000 yards.

At the southern extremity of the isthmus, distant some hundred yards from the glacis, rise the heights upon which stand the convent of St Bartolomeo; in rear of these, ground was broken for the left of the attack, and the convent stormed and carried, as formerly mentioned, by the troops of the 5th division.

Drawn by Major Leith Hay

Engd by W.H.Lizars

SAN SEBASTIAN.

Edinburgh Published by D.Lizars & Whittaker & Cº London Nov.ª 1830

One hundred and fifty yards nearer the town, on the road leading from Ernani, is the suburb of St Martin, and on a point of the isthmus stretching to the east, is situated the ruined village of Santa Catalina, from whence a bridge formerly communicated across the Urumea to the towns of Renteria and Passages.

To the eastward of the castle, distant about a thousand yards from the keep, and enfilading its defences, is the island of Santa Clara, of considerable altitude, and naturally very inaccessible.

At nine on the morning of the 26th, by signal, the batteries opened with a general salvo from fifty-seven pieces of ordnance, which fire being kept up during the day with spirit and precision, rapidly reduced to ruins the defences against which it was directed.

During the night a detachment of infantry, commanded by Captain Cameron of the 9th regiment, and conducted by Captain Henderson of the engineers, stormed and carried the rocky island of Santa Clara.

Captain Cameron executed this service with his accustomed gallantry. At the head of the grenadiers of the 9th, he had long been a participator in the brilliant services of that excellent regiment.

While these operations were in progress, the blockade of Pampeluna had been carried on with great assiduity and success; it must be considered highly creditable to the engineers who planned and arranged the measures for rendering it complete, as also to the troops employed in the investment, that notwithstanding the near approach of the enemy's army, no sortie was ever permitted to make a great impression, nor was there the slightest communication in any respect established between the garrison and the frontier.

At Madrid, the battles of the Pyrenees occasioned much exultation, increased by an impression that the Spanish troops therein engaged had taken a distinguished and creditable part; but the anxiety formerly evinced on any victory or disaster, had in great measure subsided. Vittoria, it was conceived, had given such a blow to the French power in Spain, that Joseph Bonaparte's return to the capital was a speculation no longer entertained; nor was it contemplated that any current of events would enable the enemy's troops ever to regain the ascendant, or to penetrate into the centre of that country from whence they had been driven under circumstances of such exemplary defeat.

The capital gradually resumed its former appear-

ance; the Prado again became crowded; the theatres well attended; the opera once more graced by the presence of the Spanish aristocracy; the amphitheatre for the bull fights delighted the population of Madrid; and the recollections of war alone remained. The hotel of the Prince of Peace was in a state of preparation to receive the regency, and report announced their early arrival from Cadiz.

From the midst of these scenes, I was recalled by the receipt of a letter enclosing my cartel of exchange, and announcing, that no further obstacle intervened to prevent my serving with the army. On the 27th of August, I left Madrid, and once more crossed the Somacierra, arriving on the following day at Burgos, on the 29th at Vittoria, where I remained the 30th and 31st, with General Alava, and at twelve o'clock at night of the 1st September, reached San Sebastian. From some officers of the 4th regiment, I learned that the town had been captured by assault on the previous day.

Sir James Leith having, on the 29th, resumed the command of his division in the trenches, to him was confided the immediate conduct of the storm, and direction of all the troops therein employed.

Lord Wellington, after closely reconnoitring the breaches, on the afternoon of the 30th, gave orders

that the place should be assaulted at eleven o'clock on the following morning.

At two o'clock A. M. of the 31st, three mines were exploded by the British engineers, blowing completely down the sea-wall facing to the west. Workmen were immediately employed, and before ten o'clock, a sufficient passage for the troops had been secured; the debouches from the trenches were also completed.

Sir Thomas Graham had from the first conducted the siege of San Sebastian, and consequently directed the whole force now prepared to enter on the desperate service of assaulting that fortress; but the immediate command of the storm was vested in Sir James Leith. Having confided to the general of the 5th division the direction of the attack to the left of the Urumea, Sir Thomas passed that river, and during the day overlooked the progress of the troops, and directed the fire from the batteries on the right of the attack.

In addition to the great breach, a lesser one had been formed in the same curtain, nearer to its extremity in the direction of the St Elmo battery. It being determined that these should be assailed at the same moment, arrangements were made to that effect.

Some irritation having been occasioned by the failure of the assault on the 25th of July, an erroneous impression was formed that a party of volunteers from other divisions of the army would have the effect of stimulating the troops of the 5th to more strenuous exertion, and thereby ensure the success of the assault. The officers and soldiers of the 5th division required not such emulous incitement, but could entertain no jealous feelings in acting with those brave men who had spontaneously answered an appeal made to their zeal and enterprise, and now appeared ready to contend for distinction in the execution of a service universally known to be to a degree hazardous and sanguinary.

The morning of the 31st was unfavourable for the early practice of the British artillery; a heavy mist shrouded the town, and it was between eight and nine o'clock before objects became so clearly displayed as to admit of their being struck with precision. At that hour, however, the batteries opened, and continued firing until the troops debouched to commence the assault.

Exactly at eleven o'clock the advance of the 5th division issued from the trenches. General Robinson's brigade had on this occasion the post of honour, and was destined first to mount the great breach,

followed by the column of detachments, which was directed to its right, assailing the lesser one, in co-operation with some Portuguese troops of the 5th division.

The distance from the mouth of the trench to the great breach was about one hundred and eighty, and to the other, two hundred and twenty yards; from the low state of the tide, a considerable breadth of strand presented a tolerably wide and unobstructed passage.

The enemy, in hopes of occasioning great loss to the advancing column, and of intercepting its passage by forcing forward masses of ruined masonry, had mined under the salient angle in the covered way of the left demi-bastion of the hornwork. No sooner had the first troops appeared, than an explosion took place, which blew down a considerable extent of the wall immediately in front of which they were advancing, burying in its ruins the soldiers then in the act of passing. Fortunately, these mines were rather prematurely lighted, depriving them of the destructive effects that must have resulted had the main body of the column arrived at the spot.

Unchecked by this circumstance, General Robinson's brigade unhesitatingly advanced to the breach, and, regardless of a fire which burst forth from every direction, steadily, and in perfect order, ascended to

its crest; upon gaining which, dangers and difficulties appeared but commencing. In addition to an incessant musketry fire from the hornwork, from the traversed rampart of the curtain, and the ruined houses directly in front and numerously occupied, the batteries De la Reyna, Del Principe, and Mirador, poured down showers of grape, round-shot, and shells. All this might have been passed through by some of the survivors, had it been possible to force an entrance; but, upon arriving on the crest of the breached curtain, it was ascertained that, although the ascent had been rendered practicable by the effect of artillery, the passage from thence into the town was more difficult than at the commencement of the siege.

The wall of San Sebastian, on the summit of which the 2d brigade of the 5th division now stood, had an elevation, varying from sixteen to thirty feet, from the level of the town: its interior had been strengthened by a retaining wall, which, adding to the thickness and security of the curtain, was as perfect and as perpendicular as ever; the houses built against it had been removed to increase the difficulties of entrance, and small portions of their ruined partitions alone, connected with the reverse of the breach, could have afforded the slightest facility in aiding

a descent to the level of the town: these being under the immediate fire of loopholed houses directly opposite, at a distance of less than forty yards, and from whence issued a constant discharge of musketry, rendered it a matter of certain death making the attempt. Under these circumstances, it will appear evident, that forcing an entrance into the street from the direct front of the breach was perfectly impracticable; to proceed along the curtain on either of its flanks, became consequently the only means of penetrating into the place.

To force its way along the ramparts at the left of the breach, now became the object of the 5th division; but the troops were there met with apparently unconquerable difficulties: the enemy had constructed traverses, which, extending across the terre-plein, at short distances from each other, admitted but one individual to pass at a time; behind these were stationed French grenadiers, who, themselves in a great measure protected from fire, deliberately put to death the gallant soldiers who had temerity to attempt forcing a passage, and who, in addition to these nearly insurmountable obstructions, were from all points exposed to a body of fire, sustained with incessant violence, and directed with fatal precision.

Sir James Leith, previously to the advance of the

troops, had consulted Sir Richard Fletcher respecting the selection of a situation from whence he might be best enabled to direct the progress of the storm, and was by the chief engineer recommended to place himself on the strand in front of the debouche from the trench, and rather nearer to the breach than that part of the hornwork exploded by the enemy at the commencement of the assault; there Sir Richard accompanied him, and continued, regardless of the heavy fire of all descriptions to which they were completely exposed.

The enemy had directed so great a body of fire against the mouth of the trench, that Sir James Leith found it necessary to send an officer of his staff with instructions to have the debouches cleared from the obstruction occasioned by the dead and dying that choked up the passage.

Soon after doing so, he was beat down by a blow on the chest, either from the rebound of a plunging shot, deadened by having struck the earth, or by a fragment of rock. Completely stunned, and for a short time insensible, the officers near him believed the injury to be fatal; but he soon recovered his respiration and recollection, and, resisting the wishes of his staff that he should retire, continued to issue orders with the utmost energy and self-possession,

although so weakened by the effects of the blow as to support himself with difficulty, almost dropping to the earth as he enthusiastically cheered forward the troops. General Robinson had been severely wounded, and one-half of his brigade lay extended on the breach, the moment of arrival at its summit being that either of certain death or of grievous injury.

The brave detachments from the light, first, and fourth divisions, nobly upheld the character of their respective corps, making the most strenuous exertions to effect a lodgement, but hitherto in vain. They suffered considerably, but not in proportion to the troops of the fifth division.

The infallibility of British troops had ever been a decided opinion of Sir James Leith's, and experience had confirmed him in an impression not to be shaken even by the disastrous appearance of the attack above narrated. During its worst aspect he continued confident of eventual success, and ordered supports to issue from the trenches as rapidly as could be effected, without producing confusion, or crowding the already numerously covered ground, so arduously and so gloriously contested.

For two hours had the troops, with the utmost perseverance, continued to struggle for entrance into

the town, not one minute of which elapsed without the fall of many of the bravest men, and at the termination of that period the capture of the place appeared as distant as ever; while the whole extent from the mouth of the trench to the crest of the breaches was thickly strewed with dead bodies, or persons writhing under severe and dangerous wounds. In the centre of this scene of destruction, in which not a soldier had receded or evinced an inclination to give way, Sir James Leith continued, animating the men by his presence and example, addressing words of encouragement as they passed. The soldiers, with increased energy, stepping over the bodies of their fallen comrades, rushed to the murderous ascent. Remaining nearly stationary for so long a period, and exposed to such a fire, it was almost impossible to suppose he could escape untouched. In the act of directing support to be poured from the trenches, a shell bursting close to him tore the flesh from the back of his left hand, at the same time breaking the arm in two places. The shock was so violent as to overcome his remaining strength, and in the act of falling he was supported by his aide-de-camp, Captain Belshes. Soon after, fainting from loss of blood, he reluctantly permitted the officers of his staff to conduct him from the animating but

tremendous scene. In passing through the trenches, he met the 9th regiment pressing forward to join in the assault. The soldiers recognising their general, whose individual exposure had ever cheered and encouraged them, they spontaneously promised not to desist from exertion until the place had fallen. In detailing the events of the assault, Sir Thomas Graham bears the following honourable testimony to the services of Sir James Leith. "Lieutenant-General Sir James Leith justified, in the fullest manner, the confidence reposed in his tried judgment, and distinguished gallantry; conducting and directing the attack, till obliged to be reluctantly carried off, after receiving a most severe contusion on the breast, and having his left arm broken."

A detachment of Portuguese troops, under Major Snodgrass, forded the Urumea, and joined the troops on the lesser breach, while another column, commanded by Colonel Macbean, also crossed from the right attack, and proceeded to the main point of assault.

These troops passed the river under a tremendous fire, preserving a compact and beautiful order; but their arrival and their efforts produced no decidedly beneficial effect.

It now appeared that every exertion which skill

could suggest, or bravery make conclusive, had been repeatedly and unsuccessfully applied; fresh troops added to the loss, without affording any well-founded prospect of eventual success, and the hopes of all concerned in the storm were materially shaken. In this desperate state of affairs, Sir Thomas Graham consulted with the senior officer of artillery, and they concurred in the propriety of an attempt to make a last effort, by directing the whole ordnance of the right attack against the curtain, to the left of the great breach, and consequently close over the heads of the allied troops on the crest of the ruined masonry.

In this novel, but, in the present case, fortunately beneficial system of supporting an attack, it is difficult to determine which is most admirable, the resolution and self-confidence that proposed the measure, or the conduct of the British artillery that carried it into immediate and perfectly accurate execution.

In Colonel Dickson, Sir Thomas Graham had the assistance of an officer who, in the early stages of the Peninsular war, had displayed talents and energy that, previous to its close, placed him in the first ranks of his profession.

No sooner had these officers decided on the

arrangement, than forty-seven pieces of heavy ordnance opened from the Chofre sand-hills on the high curtain, above the breach in its demi-bastions. The effect was soon visible: the enemy, unable to support so violent a cannonade, retired from the prominent stations which success had emboldened him to occupy, and his musketry fire was in a great measure beat down.

Upon Sir James Leith being wounded, the command of the 5th division devolved upon General Hay. General Oswald, although superseded in command by the return of the former to the army, volunteered his services, and assisted at the assault. As a spectator, he continued with Sir James Leith, exposed to the full effect of the enemy's fire, and was wounded during the operations.

About twenty minutes after the commencement of the artillery fire from the right, an explosion took place on the rampart of the curtain to the left of the great breach, occasioned by the bursting of shells having set fire to a quantity of combustibles there collected. Previously to the assault, a great number of fire-barrels, hand-grenades, and live shells, had been heaped at intervals in rear of the traverses, for the purpose of being instrumental in destroying the assailants. These igniting in succession along the

whole line of the wall, in a great measure cleared it of defenders, striking terror into the survivors. The favourable moment was seized with alacrity by the troops. Colonel Greville, at the head of General Hay's brigade, was already on the crest of the breach, and the Royal Scots, under Colonel Barnes, with the 38th, commanded by Colonel Miles, had the good fortune to force past the nearest traverse, and establish themselves on the curtain. The 9th, under Colonel Cameron, being the rear regiment of the brigade, came up immediately after.

The traverse nearest to the breach was composed of a barrel of earth, having at its side towards the hornwork a brass cannon. The spaces between the cask and parapet next to the town, also between it and the gun, were closed up, the only passage along the curtain being close to the exterior wall, and that capable of admitting but one person at a time. Through this narrow entrance San Sebastian was taken, by the officers and men of General Hay's brigade having succeeded in forcing themselves; the brave garrison, however, returned to the charge, and still endeavoured to resist; but a footing once obtained, the British regiments pressed forward, driving their opponents from space to space, until they bayoneted them down the flight of steps leading from the

cavalier bastion into the town. Exulting in hard-earned success, the soldiers eagerly rushed forward. The garrison having abandoned the hornwork, and withdrawn from the retrenchments in front of the breach, some of the infantry, no longer restrained by the musketry fire, descended by the ruined fragments of the houses, while the whole extent of the curtain was crowded with soldiers anxiously advancing to enter the streets in pursuit of the discomfited enemy.

During the progress of these occurrences the Portuguese detachments had carried the lesser breach, and the success of the storm at all points became certain. The close of the most serious part of this very desperate service was accompanied by an elemental crash of the grandest description. Thunder rolled, as if to render insignificant the sublimest of earthly sounds; lightning flashed, and rain fell in torrents. But although the walls had been carried, the capture of the town was by no means completed. Obstacles of a very serious nature presented themselves, and the garrison, resolute to the last, appeared determined to persevere in resistance.

During the progress of the siege and intermediate blockade, General Rey had directed the streets to be strongly barricaded in every direction. This had

been carried into effect in the most substantial manner. Materials from the ruined houses assisted in constructing traverses of a formidable description. These stone barriers were defended by cannon, forming part of their line across the streets. They were also loopholed, and behind them were posted the reserves of French infantry. From each and all of these, after repeated contests, the enemy was driven; the allies gradually gaining possession of the town, with the exception of the convent of Santa Teresa, in front of which the brave 9th regiment suffered severely in the act of overcoming the last effort of the garrison, previous to its retiring into the castle. Six hundred and seventy prisoners were taken.

Thus, at three o'clock in the afternoon, terminated a struggle protracted for four hours, and maintained by all parties with distinguished gallantry and perseverance. On no occasion had any troops more appalling obstacles to overcome than the allies, and no garrison could have supported a more honourable or more resolute resistance than that by which the assailants were met and obstructed.

Sir Richard Fletcher, after having conducted, as chief engineer of the army, the various sieges during the Peninsular war, was not destined to witness the termination of that of San Sebastian. A short time

previous to Sir James Leith being wounded, he was pierced through the heart by a musket ball, near to the spot which he had himself selected as their station during the storm. Five other officers of engineers were either killed or wounded during the assault; of these, Captains Rhodes and Collyer fell on the summit of the breaches.

Five hundred of the assailants killed, and fifteen hundred wounded, attested the destructive fire of the enemy. Of these, thirteen hundred and seventy-six belonged to the British regiments of the 5th division, ninety-nine to detachments from the guards, one hundred and five from thirteen battalions of the light and 4th divisions, and fifty-four to the German legion. The remainder of the above mentioned aggregate number comprised the loss of the Portuguese troops on the occasion.

A very extensive mine, charged with twelve hundredweight of powder, was discovered under the great breach after the place was taken. Fortunately, by some accident, the enemy had failed in exploding what would inevitably have blown into the air the hundreds of men at every period of the assault within reach of its effects.

The 5th division had, with that of so many other brave officers, to lament the fall of Colonel Crauford

of the 9th, of Majors Werge of the 38th, Kelly of the 47th, and Scott of the 59th regiments.

Of the detachments, Major Rose of the 20th, in command of those from the 4th division, was severely wounded near the summit of the lesser breach, from whence he was precipitated from a height of nearly thirty feet to the level of the town, and killed on the spot.

Colonel Hunt of the 52d was wounded leading forward the volunteers from the light division. General Robinson had been compelled to retire, from a severe wound in the face, after having, in the most gallant manner, led his brigade to the crest of the breach.

Colonel Cameron of the 9th, and Colonel Piper of the 4th, were also wounded.

The effect produced by the artillery fire, so fortunately determined upon by Sir Thomas Graham, was terrific. Colonel Jones, in his luminous account of the siege, states, that " on inspecting the defences, it was found that the tremendous enfilade fire on the high curtain, though only maintained for twenty minutes, had dismounted every gun but two. Many of these pieces had their muzzles shot away, and the artillery-men lay mutilated at their stations. Further, the stone parapets were much damaged, the cheeks of

the embrazures knocked off, and the terre-plein cut up, and thickly strewed with headless bodies; in short, the whole land-front had, from the effects of the cannonade, been rendered a scene of destruction, desolation, and ruin.'

What must have been the original obstacles, when a scene, thus described, only partially shook difficulties opposed to the entrance of the troops? And what praise is too great for the gallant garrison of San Sebastian? A more desperate defence has seldom been recorded, or one more calculated to uphold the military character of the nation to which the undaunted soldiers within its walls belonged.

No sooner had the town been secured to the allies than a scene of the most ferocious pillage commenced —the usual result of a successful storm, and one of the barbarisms of war. The original motive for permitting such excess is self-evident, being intended as an incitement to exertion, by holding out a prospect of individual enrichment. This, to mercenary soldiers, must have had considerable effect, and may have been deemed important in accelerating the fall of strongly fortified places; but with an army zealously officered and well disciplined, the duty in the trenches ought to be reduced to a certainty of steady labour, without the aid of individual stimulus; and in the

act of assault, it is to be questioned whether the minds of men can be so abstracted from its dangers and difficulties, as to continue exertion for the purpose of obtaining plunder; nor do I believe, had the interior of Badajos or San Sebastian been barren forts, that the troops who captured them would have relaxed one iota in those glorious exertions which, if not conclusive as to skilful attacks, must ever be allowed in a signal degree to have displayed undisputed examples of the bravery, the perseverance, and the unconquerable energies of British soldiers.

Having succeeded, the troops were, of course, admitted to the immemorial privilege of tearing the town to pieces. It was on fire in many places, and a dreadful scene of devastation ensued, rendered additionally to be deplored from the unfortunate inhabitants being friends and allies to the lawless soldiery now revelling in every species of excess.

The same day that the allies were engaged in the storm, Marshal Soult made one of those unsuccessful efforts to relieve the place, for which his professional career in the Peninsula had been so conspicuous. Passing the Bidassoa with a large portion of his army, he attacked the position of the Spanish divisions under General Freyre, and was repulsed.

The Spaniards, encouraged by the support of a

British division on either flank, and being placed on very commanding ground, met the attack with firmness, and withstood the shock of the enemy; but renewed efforts on the part of the French were supported by an increased body of troops, and some uncertainty momentarily prevailed. At that critical instant, Lord Wellington arrived on the heights of San Marcial. His presence renewed confidence, and gave animation to the troops, who, directed by his masterly judgment, without the assistance of any other force, drove the enemy back into the territory of France. This was the last effort made by Marshal Soult to invade the Spanish territory, and it is rather a singular circumstance, that it should have been repelled exclusively by the native troops; thus presenting, during the long and eventful war, a commencement at Baylen, and a finale at San Marcial, highly honourable to the national character, while the intermediate military incidents, wherein the soldiers of the country were alone concerned, present a series of misfortunes essentially produced by want of confidence, accompanied by laxity of character and lamentable misrule.

Although the town of San Sebastian had fallen, the enemy's garrison, that escaped from the effects of the storm, and sought refuge in the castle, appeared

determined to procrastinate that surrender, now become inevitable; but, persevering in the gallant spirit with which the defence had been conducted, they resolved to delay to the last moment delivering up so important an obstacle to the further progress of the campaign and the advances of the allied army.

On the 1st of September, every thing being again quiet on the immediate frontier, Lord Wellington arrived in the trenches, and there decided upon the measures to be adopted for the speedy reduction of Fort La Mota.

Batteries were ordered to be constructed against the castle defences, while a constant fire of mortars reduced in numbers the soldiery, unprotected from their effects by casemates of any description.

Desirous of seeing the state of affairs in the town, on the morning of the 2d, I left Sir James Leith's quarter, and walked along the isthmus, and through the trenches, until arrived at the spot where the general had been wounded. The scene from thence was most impressive: the whole ascent of the breach was covered with dead bodies. During the intervening day, circumstances had not permitted their being interred; stript and naked, therefore, they now lay on the ground where they had individually fallen, but in such numbers, that on a similar space

was never witnessed a more dreadful scene of slaughter. Behind this impressive foreground rose columns of smoke and ashes, and occasionally, through the vapour, was to be distinguished the towering castle keep, from whence, and from its batteries, issued at intervals an artillery discharge, or irregular and half-subdued musketry fire: above all this was distinguishable the thunder of the British mortar batteries, as, from the right attack, they poured shells upon the devoted rock, whose surface became furrowed and torn up by their repeated explosions.

Having walked up the face of the breach, I proceeded along the curtain, which presented a scene of indescribable havoc and destruction. The heat from the blazing houses was excessive; and from the midst of this mass of fire, was at intervals to be heard, the noise created by soldiers still busied in adding to the miseries that had overtaken the devoted town. Never was there in the annals of war a more decided case of annihilation than that of San Sebastian: the buildings all having communication, and being very closely arranged, ensured the conflagration becoming general; roofs falling, and the crashing of ruined walls that rolled down, and, in some cases, blocked up the passage in the streets, it was rendered more impressive from the obscurity occasioned even

at midday by the dense cloud of smoke that shrouded this scene of ruin and desolation.

After descending the great flight of steps leading from the curtain, in the centre of this chaos, I found General Hay, blackened with smoke and dust, not having had a moment's rest, and still busily employed in restoring order to the troops, or in vainly endeavouring to obstruct the unquenchable flames that surrounded him in every direction.

In the sort of plaza fronting the entrance from the isthmus to the town were erected halberds. These emblems of preparation for punishment exhibited, in not to be mistaken terms, the difficulty attending the restoration of order, when so fearfully outraged as in the result of a successful storm.

The convent of Santa Teresa, being the building in immediate communication with the enemy, was occupied in its lower part by a party of the 9th regiment, while the upper stories were inhabited by French infantry. In arriving at its principal entrance fronting to the east, it became necessary to pass across a street running at right angles, and exposed to an enfilade fire from the castle and the exterior lines of wall encircling the face of the rock. To prevent the casualties occasioned by this exposed route, the street, towards the height, had been hastily bar-

ricaded by casks, mattresses, and dead bodies, affording protection from the fire of musketry, and effectually obstructing the sight of the unerring marksmen at a short distance from the spot. Towards evening, General Hay, Captain James Stewart, and myself, having passed through several parts of the town, crossed the plaza, and proceeded towards the northwest angle of the place. When we arrived at the traverse above described, I proceeded to visit the 9th regiment in the convent, while Captain Stewart proposed detailing to General Hay his views of dislodging the enemy from the upper part of the building, and of rendering less obnoxious a fire from the French sentinels stationed on the slope of the hill. For this purpose, he led the General to the bulwark, and, clambering up, proceeded to point out the situation of the enemy's posts, as also what he recommended concerning them. A French sentinel, not fifty yards distant, on perceiving two officers reconnoitring, took a deliberate aim, and firing his ball, it entered Captain Stewart's left temple, passing directly through his head. He continued in a state of insensibility for some minutes, and then expired.

Sir Thomas Graham, very properly considering that General Rey ought to have arrived at the conclusion, in which the unanimous voice of either

army must have supported him—namely, the fruitlessness of further resistance, he, early in the afternoon of the 3d, sent a flag of truce, with proposals to negotiate. Several hours were given to enable the French governor deliberately to make up his mind, and we were informed that, at the expiry of the period, a salvo from the mortar batteries would announce the recommencement of hostilities. Considerably elevated, and at the distance of about two miles from the Chofre sand-hills, Sir James Leith's quarter was admirably situated for seeing in perfection those large masses of destruction as they passed through the air. The French general continuing obstinate, a flight of shells, exactly at the hour indicated, following each other in rapid succession, was perceived sailing through the firmament. In the darkness that prevailed, nothing could be more fallacious than the impression created, as our eyes followed them, by the fusees in their rotatory motion. Instead of passing through the air with the velocity and impetus they in reality possessed, in appearance they were majestically and slowly pursuing their course.

It was now evident that General Rey would not surrender until the batteries in preparation opened against the castle. Of these the most considerable

was constructed in the hornwork of the place, occupying nearly the length of its terre-plein, and prepared for the reception of seventeen twenty-four-pounders. This powerful battery was armed by cannon brought across the Urumea, and was destined to fire upon and breach the batteries of Mirador and De la Reyna.

Arrangements having been completed for a very energetic attack upon the castle defences, and it being understood the batteries would open on the morning of the 8th, at half past nine I was in the hornwork with Colonel Dickson: the artillerymen were at their posts, every thing in readiness, and at ten o'clock, by preconcerted signal, fifty-nine pieces of heavy ordnance commenced a rapid and terrific fire. Standing in the battery, close in rear of the twenty-four-pounders, from whose mouths issued an incessant and deafening sound, the noise of the other batteries was inaudible; but, in looking around, columns of smoke ascended in all directions, while dust and fragments of stone, flying from the masonry of the Mirador, indicated the perfect direction and overpowering effect of the British artillery.

The enemy, apparently astonished at the tremendous nature of the cannonade, tardily returned the fire by a few discharges from the battery De la Reyna;

but, perceiving the feeble effects of this last effort, it was speedily discontinued; while every half hour we had the satisfaction of perceiving, that in a short space of time the Mirador must be beat down sufficiently to admit of its being assaulted. Nothing could be better directed or more constantly sustained than the fire from the great battery in the hornwork.

About one o'clock a flag of truce appeared flying on the battery of Mirador, and the firing ceased. The Chevalier Songeon, colonel and chef d'état major of the garrison, soon after descended into the town, where, having met Colonel De Lancey, Colonel Dickson, and Colonel Bouverie, nominated by Sir Thomas Graham to negotiate on the part of the allies, the terms were speedily arranged, by which the garrison surrendered prisoners of war; and at four o'clock in the evening the Mirador and battery Del Gobernador were occupied by British troops.

The following morning, the garrison marched out with the honours of war. At its head, with sword drawn, and firm step, appeared General Rey, accompanied by Colonel Songeon, and the officers of his staff; as a token of respect, we saluted him as he passed. The old general dropt his sword in return to the civilities of the British officers, and leading the remains of his brave battalions to the glacis, there

deposited their arms, with a well-founded confidence of having nobly done his duty, and persevered to the utmost in an energetic and brilliant defence.

Thus terminated the final operations against San Sebastian, a fortress not of the first order, but capable, as had been proved, of a protracted defence, when skilfully and resolutely conducted.

After an expenditure of 70,000 rounds of ammunition, the place fell, not from its defences being rendered useless, or its garrison intimidated, but from being assaulted by irresistible troops; nor would any other infantry in Europe have penetrated into the town under similar circumstances. Nothing but the most ardent perseverance, the most determined courage, and perfect confidence in those leading them, enabled the British battalions to conquer difficulties that must have effectually obstructed ordinary men.

In the progress of the siege, three thousand five hundred of the allies were killed or wounded; and of a garrison originally numbering three thousand four hundred, fifty-seven officers, with twelve hundred and forty-four men, were alone in a state to follow their gallant governor to the glacis, and deposit those arms they had used so effectually and with credit, during the long and arduous service of resisting a

powerful force, straining every nerve to gain possession of the place.

As usual in sieges, the allied army lost some of its best officers and soldiers before San Sebastian. In the field, there is a more equal chance of casualty attending the enterprising or nerveless, and, in fact, the latter is, of the two, most likely to be cut off, in consequence of performing duty tardily or with apathy, affording time for the destructive efforts of adversaries. In sieges, the bravest, most energetic, or most talented, come necessarily in the immediate front of danger, and, being so, are most frequently disabled.

On the evening of the 9th September, the Spanish ensign floated over the ruined walls of San Sebastian, while a constantly spreading conflagration, of ten days' endurance, had not yet completed the total destruction of its devoted town. The scenery in its neighbourhood is picturesque and beautiful in the extreme: great variety of ground is enlivened by luxuriant orchards and extensive olive plantations, while broken and precipitous rocky heights occasionally give variety to a landscape closed by the magnificent background of the Pyrenees.

For three weeks subsequent to the fall of the castle, nothing of importance occurred near to San

Sebastian. Wishing to see the romantic country, and to ascend one or other of the passes into France, on the morning of the 29th I left Sir James Leith, and, passing across the Urumea, joined General Pack, who, recovered from his wound, had resolved to proceed in the same direction, for the purpose of resuming the command of his brigade of the 6th division, stationed at Maya. We determined to adopt the route by Lesaca, and remained on the night of the 29th at Oyarzun, on the great road to Bayonne, and then the head-quarters of Sir Thomas Graham. From thence to Lesaca, the route, passing through a valley of considerable extent, arrives at the base of the great mountain of Haya, or of Quarte Couronnes, when, gradually ascending, it winds through ravines and over eminences covered with magnificent trees. In one of the most sequestered spots of this wild and beautiful country was encamped the brigade of Lord Aylmer; the white tents of the troops strongly contrasting with the dark foliage of the chestnut and ilex, while the soldiers, variously employed, enlivened a scene naturally of sombre character.

At Lesaca we were disappointed of seeing the commander of the forces, who had the day previous gone to Roncesvalles to inspect the position oc-

cupied by the right of his army. But, determined to await the return of Lord Wellington, we passed the day with Colonel Campbell, and the officers of his personal staff, joining a numerous party, over whom the Prince of Orange presided. This was the last time I ever saw General Pakenham—a person equally beloved and respected by the army—one of those officers whose natural element appeared to be amidst the smoke and fire of a field of battle, but whose manner in society was blended with unusual kindness and gentleness of demeanour.

Having remained three days at head-quarters, we arrived, on the 4th, at Maya. General Pack's quarter was situated in the valley directly under the pass leading into France; and in a village to his right, a short distance farther removed from the frontier, was General Colville, with the head-quarters of the 6th division, the other British brigade being in the immediate vicinity.

On the 6th, I rode to Roncesvalles, then the head-quarters of Sir Rowland Hill, and beheld with admiration that scene of chivalrous and poetic celebrity.

The abbey, seated at the foot of the pass, is surrounded by the habitations of the abbots, forming a considerable village. That of the prior, erected by

government, and calculated to shelter travellers crossing the frontier, is spacious and convenient. While towards France the scenery is bold and majestic, it assumes, in the direction of Pampeluna, a tamer, but not less beautiful character: the valley of Burguete, rich in cultivation, and ornamented by the finest wood, is extended beneath the eye, and the sun illuminating its varied tints, rendering them more striking from being contrasted with the sombre appearance of Roncesvalles, while the dark masses of pines and forest trees clothing to its summit the grand mountain barrier, partially hid in mist and vapour, give increased magnitude to objects naturally of a stupendous description.

Immediately from the abbey of Roncesvalles, the great route commences a gradual ascent, terminated at the summit of the Altobiscar mountain, from whence a descent of three leagues leads to the town of St Jean Pied de Port.

From the loftiest part of the road a magnificent view is presented to the traveller. To his right appear, in great variety and majesty, the range of Pyrenees towards Jaca, including the Pic du Midi, and other conspicuous features of the chain. In advance, to the left, extends the French coast, with the city of Bayonne, forming a splendid break in

the otherwise unvaried line: directly in front, and displayed to a great distance, appear the fertile plains of Gascony; while, in the immediate vicinity of the route, valleys, rendered impervious by luxuriant foliage, cataracts, rocks, and the wilder accompaniments of splendid mountain scenery, are visible in constant and endless variety.

It was on the 7th of October 1813, that Lord Wellington invaded France; and it fell to the lot of the 5th division to be the first British troops whose colours waved over the "sacred territory" of Napoleon. The regiments crossed the Bidassoa with the utmost regularity and firmness, regardless of the depth of water, or of a fire poured by the enemy from the opposite bank. General Robinson passed the river on foot at the head of his brigade, and, in the midst of a shower of musketry, supported by artillery, up to the middle in water, pressed forward, and in the exhilaration of the occasion, increased by enthusiastic cheering, and the bands of the regiments playing the national anthem, established his brave soldiers on the soil hitherto unvisited, during the reign of Napoleon, by the horrors of war.

Three times did defensive positions appear crowded with the enemy's troops endeavouring to check the advance of General Hay's brigade, and as often did

success attend the assaults made upon them. As it is the last occasion on which I shall have to notice the services of the 5th division, it may be permitted me to revert to those deeds which entitled its battalions to as ample a meed of praise, and as just a claim to gratitude from their country, as any portion of the Peninsular army. Whether in defending the heights of Busaco, in scaling the walls of Badajos, in leading the victorious attack at Salamanca, in driving back a pursuing enemy at Villa Muriel, in forcing the passage of the Zadorra at Vittoria, in storming and taking San Sebastian, or in planting the British ensign on the French imperial territory, their conduct was equally conspicuous for gallantry, devotion, and discipline. Although many years are now passed since this body of troops have been separated, and it may be supposed mature consideration of what they were, and of their achievements, must be tempered with some degree of moderation as to the enthusiastic recollections with which I revert to those scenes, the contrary effect is produced in my mind; and while, with increased feelings of respect, I feel honoured in the good fortune of having served with those gallant soldiers, I at the same time unequivocally record my belief, that, commanded by a general possessing the confidence of his army, as Lord

Wellington did, and led as they had invariably been, there is nothing within the scope of human powers which might not have been accomplished by the 5th division.

The Bidassoa, forming for several leagues the boundary of the countries, rises in the valley of Bastan, from whence, after rather a circuitous course, it runs into the sea near to Fuentarabia. On its right bank, Sir Thomas Graham, with the 1st and 5th divisions, and some Portuguese troops, had established a footing not subsequently assailed by the enemy. While the left of the allied army were thus prosecuting the war, and had commenced offensive operations on the enemy's territory, the centre and right continued in a state of comparative inaction. And it may afford some idea of the various circumstances under which corps of the same army on an extensive line may be placed, when it is stated, that the same day on which Sir Thomas Graham passed the Bidassoa, the officers of Sir Rowland Hill's corps had races on the plain of Burguete, which were conducted without the slightest knowledge of, or reference to, the contest in progress near the coast, or any prospect of being interrupted by the movements of an enemy.

The great wooden bridge of Irun, on the Bayonne

road, had been destroyed by General Foy's corps on its retreat after the battle of Vittoria; but the allies, having a pontoon train with the army, a communication was restored immediately after their encampment on the right bank of the Bidassoa.

The Duke of Dalmatia had established his headquarters in St Jean de Luz, with his army strongly intrenched, extending from the coast to St Jean Pied de Port. The position of Lord Wellington's army was as follows:

The 1st and 5th divisions, with the brigade of Lord Aylmer, the Portuguese of Generals Bradford and Wilson, and the Spanish force of General Giron, encamped in France, extending to the great mountain of La Rune: the light and fourth divisions occupied the heights in front of Vera: the army of reserve of Andalusia, with the 7th British division on their right, near to Echelar: the third division between Echelar and Maya: the sixth in position at the latter, with Sir John Hamilton's Portuguese division in reserve, at Ariscoon: one brigade of the second division at Alduides, the remainder of that division, and the Spanish corps of General Morillo, were at Roncesvalles: the cavalry rear of the army, were principally cantoned in the

valley of the Ebro: Head-quarters removed from Lesaca to Vera.

Aware of the hostile movement which, on the fall of Pampeluna, would immediately take place, Marshal Soult commenced the formation of an intrenched camp, extending along the course of the Nivelle, from St Jean de Luz by Serres and the heights of Ainhoe, until it rested on a minor chain of the Pyrenees, north-east of the Maya pass. On the left bank of the river, formidable redoubts strengthened the mountain of La Petite Rune; while the heights of Ascain, protected by numerous works, covered the passages of the river for a considerable extent, and were appuied on those of Ainhoe, stretching to the eastward, and completing the defences in communication with those to the extreme left of the French army.

In front of the right of this very formidable position, in advance of Andaye, and with their left resting on the shores of the Bay of Biscay, were encamped the first and fifth divisions of the allied army. Field works strengthened the ground thus occupied, and a large force of British artillery was prepared to resist any effort that might be made to force back the allies from the right bank of the Bidassoa. On the 25th of October, having return-

ed from Roncesvalles, Lord Charles FitzRoy and myself entered France from Irun, and proceeded along the great chaussée, until arrived at the position of the troops. From thence, accompanied by General Robinson, I rode to the advanced posts, in close contact with those of the enemy, and there distinctly perceived the numerous retrenchments in progress to render his position as invulnerable as possible.

On the same day, General Cassan proposed terms for the surrender of Pampeluna, now reduced to the last extremity, by a lengthened and rigorously observed blockade; but the allies, aware of the circumstances under which the garrison must necessarily be placed, determined not to accede to the proposition, and the French governor persevered in resistance until his last day's supply of limited rations was in process of distribution to the troops. At length, on the 31st of October, he surrendered the place, which, with its defences in a perfect state, a garrison of 4000 men, and 200 pieces of ordnance mounted on its walls, became the almost bloodless prize of the allied army.

Thus was wrested from the imperial troops their last stronghold in the northern provinces of Spain; and with that event may be said to have closed the Peninsular war.

After having imperfectly traced some of the varied events attending the triumphant career of the Duke of Wellington, I cannot conclude a narrative, which has throughout been dedicated to the relation of achievements, insuring to his name a renown which posterity will not deny, and from which historians will find it difficult to detract, without adverting to his latest, most memorable, and most glorious triumph, without feeling all the enthusiasm of a soldier for his successful commander, when, by a recent and meritorious action, he adds to former celebrity and fame.

It is possible, that among the various conflicting sensations produced by events during a career, affecting in opposite degrees the situation of most individuals, not only in this country, but throughout Europe, reasons may be adduced for his successes, not withholding admiration, but claiming either for his army, or adventitious circumstances favoured by fortune, a large portion of the merit derived from a long and uninterrupted course of victory. It is also possible that the events of his military life may be so identified with the conduct of others, or the relative situation of states and armies, as that an undivided opinion of individual merit may be withheld; but in that never-to-be-forgotten measure of

peace and conciliation, where, regardless of early and erroneous impressions, he placed himself in front of the battle of public opinion, for the safety and happiness of his country, and fearlessly removed the darkest stain on the annals, the most portentous cloud that ever threatened the constitutional liberties, of England—in that act of justice, wisdom, and sound policy, he stands unrivalled and alone; and history will not fail to admit, that the celebrated military leader of Great Britain, the only man in the empire who could have achieved the bloodless and decisive victory over prejudice, superstition, and ignorance, added the noblest wreath to the immortal chaplet that encircles his brow, when he entwined his laurels with the moral triumph of religious liberty.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

LIST OF THE ALLIED ARMY ON THE 30TH OF AUGUST, 1813.

GENERAL IN CHIEF.

Field-Marshal the Marquis of WELLINGTON, K.G.

Quarter-Master-General Sir GEORGE MURRAY, K.B.
Adjutant-General Sir EDWARD PAKENHAM, K.B.
Chief Engineer Lieut.-Colonel Sir RICHARD FLETCHER.
Senior Officer of Artillery, Lieut.-Colonel DICKSON.

CAVALRY.

Lieut.-General Sir STAPLETON COTTON, K.B.
Assistant Adjutant-General Colonel ELLEY.
Major-General Lord EDWARD SOMERSET.
1st Life Guards.
2d Life Guards.
Royal Horse Guards (Blue).

Major-General WILLIAM PONSONBY.
5th Dragoon Guards.
3d Dragoons.
4th Dragoons.

Major-General FANE.
3d Dragoon Guards.
1st or Royal Dragoons.

Major-General BARON BOCK.
1st Dragoons, King's German Legion.
2d Dragoons, King's German Legion.

Colonel GRANT.
10th Hussars.
15th Hussars.

Major-General VANDELEUR.
12th Light Dragoons.
16th Light Dragoons.

Major-General LONG.
13th Light Dragoons.
14th Light Dragoons.

Major-General VICTOR ALTEN.
1st Hussars, King's German Legion.
18th Hussars.

Brigadier-General D'URBAN.
1st Portuguese Dragoons.

11th Portuguese Dragoons.
12th Portuguese Dragoons.

Brigadier-General Otway.
4th Portuguese Dragoons.
10th Portuguese Dragoons.

Brigadier-General Madden.
5th Portuguese Dragoons.
8th Portuguese Dragoons.

INFANTRY.

FIRST DIVISION.

Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Graham, K. B.
Assistant Adjutant-General Lieut.-Colonel Bouverie.
Assistant Quarter-Master-General Colonel Upton.

Major-General Howard.
1st Guards (1st battalion).
1st Guards (3d battalion).

Major-General Honourable Edward Stopford.
Coldstream Guards.
3d Guards.

Colonel Halkett.
1st Light battalion German Legion.
2d Light battalion.

1st battalion of the Line, German Legion.
2d battalion.
5th battalion.

SECOND DIVISION.

Lieut.-General Sir ROWLAND HILL, K.B.
Lieut.-General Sir WILLIAM STEWART, K.B.
Assistant Adjutant-General Lieut.-Colonel ROOKE.
Assistant Quarter-Master-General Lieut.-Colonel Honourable A. ABERCROMBY.

Major-General WALKER.
50th regiment.
71st.
92d.

Major-General BYNG.
3d regiment.
57th.
Provisional Battalion. { 31st. 66th.

Colonel O'CALLAGHAN.
28th regiment.
34th.
39th.

PORTUGUESE DIVISION.

Lieut.-General HAMILTON.
2d regiment of the Line.
14th.
5th.
5th Caçadores.

Brigadier-General CAMPBELL.
4th Portuguese regiment.
10th.

Colonel ASHWORTH.
6th Portuguese regiment.
18th.
6th Caçadores.

THIRD DIVISION.

Lieut.-General Sir THOMAS PICTON, K.B.
Assistant Adjutant-General Lieut-Colonel STOVIN.

Major-General BRISBANE.
45th regiment.
74th.
88th.

Major-General the Honourable CHARLES COLVILLE.

5th regiment.
83d.
87th.
94th.

Portuguese Brigade.
9th regiment of the Line.
21st.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Lieut.-General Honourable Sir LOWRY COLE, K.B.
Assistant Adjutant-General Lieut.-Colonel BRADFORD.

Major-General ANSON.

27th regiment.
40th.
48th.
Provisional Battalion. 2d (Queen's). 53d.

Major-General Ross.

7th Royal Fusileers.
20th.
23d.

Brigadier-General HARVEY.

11th Portuguese regiment.
23d.
10th Caçadores.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Lieut.-General Sir JAMES LEITH, K.B.
Assistant Adjutant-General Lieut.-Colonel BERKELEY.
Assistant Quarter-Master-General Lieut.-Colonel GOMM.

Major-General HAY.
1st Royal Scots.
9th regiment.
38th.

Major-General ROBINSON.
4th (King's Own) regiment.
47th.
59th.

Major-General SPRY.
3d Portuguese regiment of the Line.
15th.
8th Caçadores.

SIXTH DIVISION.

Lieut.-General HENRY CLINTON.
Assistant Adjutant-General Lieut.-Colonel TRYON.
Assistant Quarter-Master-General Major VINCENT.

Major-General Pack.
42d Royal Highlanders.
79th.
91st.

Major-General Lambert.
11th regiment.
32d.
36th.
61st.

Portuguese Brigade.
8th regiment of the Line.
12th regiment of the Line.
9th Caçadores.

SEVENTH DIVISION.

Lieut.-General the Earl of Dalhousie, K.B.
Assistant Adjutant-General Lieut.-Colonel D'Oyley.

Major-General Barnes.
6th regiment.
Provisional Battalion. { 24th. 58th.
Chasseurs Britannique.

Colonel Mitchell.
51st regiment.
68th.
85d.

Major-General Le Cor.
7th Portuguese regiment of the Line.
19th.
2d Caçadores.

LIGHT DIVISION.

Major-General Charles Baron Alten.
Assistant Adjutant-General Major Marlay.
Assistant Quarter-Master-General Major Stewart.

Major-General Kempt.
43d regiment.
95th (1st battalion).
95th (3d battalion).

Major-General Skerret.
52d regiment.
95th (2d battalion).

Portuguese troops attached to the Light Division.
20th regiment of the Line.
1st Caçadores.
3d Caçadores.

UNATTACHED BRITISH BRIGADE.

Major-General Lord Aylmer.
76th regiment.

84th regiment.
85th.

UNATTACHED PORTUGUESE BRIGADES.

Major-General BRADFORD.
13th regiment of the Line.
24th.
5th Caçadores.

Brigadier-General WILSON.
1st regiment of the Line.
16th.
4th Caçadores.

ROYAL STAFF CORPS.

Lieut.-Colonel Honourable R. L. DUNDAS.
Lieut.-Colonel STURGEON.

STAFF CORPS OF CAVALRY.

Lieut.-Colonel SCOVELL.

The 60th regiment (5th battalion), and the regiment of Brunswick Oels, attached in companies to the different brigades of the army.

No. II.

In the foregoing Narrative frequent mention has, of course, been made of the Marshals of France under Napoleon, they having occasionally been designated by those titles, the reward of military renown, and sometimes by their family sirnames; it may therefore not be deemed improper attaching to the work a brief notice of those distinguished officers, of whom no less than fifteen participated in the precarious fortunes of the Peninsular war, and of that number ten have ceased to exist.

Alexander Berthier, the constant companion of Napoleon during his campaigns as Emperor of the French, previous to the Abdication of 1814, was born at Versailles in 1753. The earlier part of his military career was passed with General La Fayette in America. Subsequently he served in the revolutionary armies with but minor distinction, until the commencement of the memorable campaign of 1796, when the young General-in-Chief of the army of Italy appointed him chief of his staff, and elicited those talents for detail afterwards so eminently conspicuous. Created a Marshal of the Empire, he was also elevated to the dignities of Prince of Neufchatel, and of Wagram, Vice-Constable, Grand Dignitary of the Empire, Senator and Counsellor of State, Major-General of

the Grand Army, Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour, Grand Dignitary of the Iron Crown, and of the Imperial Order De la Réunion, Grand Cordon of the Order of the Duke of Hesse, Grand Commander of that of Westphalia, Knight of St Joseph of Wurtzburg, of the Golden Eagle of Wirtemburg, of the Crown of Saxony, Grand Cross of the Order of St Henry of Baden, and St Etienne of Hungary, Knight of the Black Eagle of Prussia, and of the Imperial Russian Order of St Andrew. Marshal Berthier's services in Spain were confined to the short visit paid to that country by Napoleon in 1808, and the commencement of 1809.

ANDREW MASSENA, a native of Nice, was born in 1758, and from the ranks of the French army rose to great distinction. His last eminent campaign, as General-in-Chief, was that of Portugal, being the only one in which he participated during the Peninsular war. Marshal Massena became Duke of Rivoli, and Prince of Essling.

JOACHIM MURAT, the first cavalry officer of his day, and a man of the most brilliant courage, was born in 1767, being son to the vintner of a village named Bastide-Frontonier, in Guienne. From being a private of Chasseurs, he became an officer, and having attracted the attention of General Bonaparte, soon rose to distinction beneath his fostering and discriminating genius. There was a chivalrous and romantic feeling about the character of Joachim Murat, which, added to his noble personal appearance, the eccentric splen-

dour of his dress, and dauntless demeanour, admirably calculated him for leader of the French cavalry, who, inspired by his courage, and following the nodding of his snow-white plume, as it invariably led the charge against an enemy, were enabled to perform brilliant services, and create impressions, that under a less energetic leader would never have produced similar effects.

Napoleon's opinion of his brother-in-law is, by Lord Ebrington's Narrative of Conversations at Elba, couched in the following terms :—" C'est un bon militaire : c'est un des hommes les plus brillants que j'ai jamais vu sur un champ de battaille. Pas d'un talent superieur, sans beaucoup de courage moral, assez timide même pour le plan des operations ; mais le moment qu'il voyoit l'ennemie, tout cela disparoissoit —c'etoit alors le coup-d'œil le plus rapide, une valeur vraiment chevaleresque. D'ailleurs une belle homme, grand, bien mis, et avec beaucoup de soin—quelquefois une peu fantasquement ; enfin un magnifique Lazzarone." Marshal, Grand Duke of Berg, and King of Naples, this brave soldier shared the fate of his only compeer in the French army.

Jean Baptiste Jourdan was born at Limoges, in 1762. As General-in-Chief of the army of the Sambre and Meuse, he acquired a distinction that obtained for him the rank of Marshal. As Major-General of the French armies in Spain, his career was one of misfortune and error ; want of confidence on the part of the troops bespoke his lack of military knowledge,

while subsequent vacillation of purpose, denoted his failure in political consistency and undoubted mediocrity of mind.

JEAN LANNES, son of a Norman mechanic, was born in 1769. Like many other distinguished soldiers, he was indebted for his elevation to the penetrating judgment of Napoleon, who, having once adopted an impression of his military talent, advanced him to the highest honours of his profession. Marshal, and Duke of Montebello, he was killed by a cannon-shot at Aspern, in 1809.

JEAN-DE-DIEU SOULT was born at St Aurans, in Languedoc, in 1769. He entered the service as a private of artillery, and in the first republican campaigns obtained considerable distinction; under Hoche, and Jourdan, and Lefebre, he increased his reputation; in 1794, was made General de Brigade, and in 1798, General of Division. His career in Spain was marked by gaining the battle of Gamonal, by losing that of Coruna, being surprised and defeated at Oporto, defeated at Albuhera, in the battles of the Pyrenees, on the heights of San Marcial, and in every subsequent action with the allied army on the territory of France. Marshal Soult was created Duke of Dalmatia, and his conduct, commanding a corps of the grand army, under Napoleon, on many occasions was most distinguished.

PIERRE FRANÇOIS CHARLES AUGEREAU was born at

Paris in 1757; having passed several years in the ranks of the French army, he retired, and became a fencing master at Naples; but in 1792, returning to revolutionary France, again became a private soldier, and in four years, was a General of Division.

Possessed of some talent, and no principle, but undoubted bravery, the Marshal Duke of Castiglione is alike celebrated for his gallantry, his rapacity, his perfidy, and his treason.

JEAN MONCEY was born at Besançon, in 1754. He was appointed successively, by the Emperor Napoleon, First Inspector General of Gendarmerie, Grand Officer of the Empire, Marshal, Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour, and Duke of Conegliano.

JEAN BAPTISTE BESSIERES, born in 1768, was another example of a man of subordinate rank having attracted the attention of his great master, and becoming one of the most distinguished officers of the French army. In command of the cavalry of the Imperial Guard, Marshal Bessieres obtained frequent and deserved distinction. His victory at Rio Saco was probably the most important, in point of time and circumstances, that occurred during the war. As Duke of Istria, his name will ever be honourably remembered; as also the premature termination of his career by a cannon ball at the battle of Lutzen.

FRANÇOIS JOSEPH LEFEBRE, an Alsacian, was born in 1755. He, in early life, became sergeant in the

French Guards. At Fleurus, he established a great reputation, and subsequently became Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour, Marshal of France, and Duke of Dantzic.

Michael Ney, one of the bravest soldiers that ever existed, was born at Sarrelouis, in January 1769. He entered very young into the regiment Colonel-General of Hussars, and, passing rapidly through all the subordinate ranks, was, in 1794, appointed Adjutant-General by Kleber, under whose orders he subsequently acquired that reputation for audacity and talent, matured during the numerous campaigns he afterwards served. In 1796, after a very glorious affair on the Rednitz, he was promoted, on the field of battle, to the rank of Général de Brigade, and the following year to that of General of Division. On the assumption of the Imperial dignity by Napoleon, he was elevated to the distinction of a Marshal of France, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, Duke of Elchingen, and subsequently Prince of Moskwa. On two occasions, Marshal Ney commanded the rear-guard of retreating armies with distinguished eclat: First, in Portugal, under Massena, where, by his gallantry and judgment, he materially contributed to the safety of the French army; and, secondly, in that never-to-be-forgotten service of terrific suffering, that unquestionable trial of every thing which constituted firmness, the retreat from Moscow, in which the name of the Duke of Elchingen shines with unrivalled glory; columns of troops, rear-guard after rear-guard dwindled into insignificance, or utterly

vanished from his grasp, but the unbroken spirit, the romantic and chivalrous gallantry, of Michael Ney, rose as difficulties increased, and the icy rigours of insufferable cold, the livid bodies of his companions bleaching in the gale, the incessant fire of enemies, the hurras of barbarian adversaries, and the almost impenetrable snows of a Russian winter, were but stimuli to exertion, and instead of depressing his energies, or weakening his judgment, added fire and ardent feeling to that iron mind and undaunted heart that nothing human could, in the execution of military duty, either vanquish or appal.

Edward Adolphe Casimir Joseph Mortier, one of the most celebrated Generals of the Republic, was, by the Emperor, elevated to the rank of Marshal; he was also nominated a Grand Officer of the Empire, Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour, and created Duke of Treviso.

Suchet, a native of Lyons, the most successful of the French generals in the Peninsula, made the campaigns of Italy under Napoleon, by whom he was nominated Inspector-General of Infantry, Governor of the Imperial Palace of Lacken, near to Brussels, Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour, Marshal of France, and Duke of Albufera.

Frederick Louis Marmont, born at Chatillon in 1774, was Aide-de-Camp to Napoleon during his first

Italian campaign, and commanded the artillery of the French army at Marengo; subsequently elevated to the rank of Marshal, he commanded one of the corps of the Grand Army, and, in Spain, succeeding the Prince of Essling in the army of Portugal, he lost the battle of Salamanca, and proceeding to France for recovery of his wounds, did not return to the Peninsula. His subsequent history is well known; it is for his conscience to determine whether he did, or did not, infamously betray his benefactor. Marshal Marmont was, by the Emperor Napoleon, created Duke of Ragusa, and nominated Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour!

VICTOR, an old and intrepid soldier of the Revolution, commanded a corps d'armée at Marengo, served in Spain during several years, was nominated Grand Eagle of the Legion of Honour, Marshal of the Empire, and Duke of Belluno.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND CO. PAUL'S WORK, CANONGATE.

ERRATA IN VOL. II.

Page vi, line 26, for Almegro, read Almagro.

—— vii, line 1, for for, read from.

———, line 7, for Illexas, read Illescas.

———, line 8, for Lexal, read Leval.

———, line 10, for Segoria, read Segovia.

—— 26, line 2, for Costro nuno, read Castronuno.

—— 34, line 4, for Alacjos, read Alaejos.

—— 75, line 23, for Gijida, read Giheda.

—— 100, line 22, for nor, read or.

—— 110, line 15, for Santivanoz il alto, read Santivanoz el alto.

—— 120, line 16, for Cuidad Real, read Ciudad Real; and the same throughout the volume.

—— 179, line 20, for army, read arm.

—— 228, line 3, for Marshals, read Marshal.

—— 239, line 14, for Somacierra, read Somasierra.

—— 263, line 19, for fusees, read fuses.

00106656

Digitized with financial assistance from
Shri Brihad Bhartiya Samaj
on 31 October, 2019